

The

SATURDAY REVIEW

FOUNDED
IN
1855

No. 4144, Vol. 159
30 MARCH, 1935

The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

To comfort Mr. Thomas

A letter from Ireland just received says, "The misery and poverty here are terrible. It was the cruellest thing England ever did giving Home Rule to Ireland and now they want to do the same thing to India."

This is the thanks and appreciation Mr. Thomas is receiving for his surrender.

Berlin Talks a Farce

Though the official *communiqués* issuing from the Berlin talks appear to express a feeling of optimism, as is the way of such international announcements, the truth, which can easily be gathered from messages from correspondents on the spot, is that there was nothing optimistic whatsoever about these conversations. The best that is alleged of them is that they resulted in a "complete clarification" of the situation, but the situation was clear enough before in all conscience—except to our ridiculous and wretched Government. Hitler merely dotted the i's, and crossed the t's, in the course of the long lectures to which Sir John Simon and Mr. Eden had to listen like schoolboys. So far as the organisation of peace is concerned, the Berlin talks are just a dud and nothing else.

The Shame of It

Was there ever such nonsense? Sir John Simon and Mr. Eden go over to Berlin and listen to Hitler's statement of Germany's case for hours. They knew it before they went there and a sense of dignity might have enabled them to get a word in

edgeways. But our unhappy country seems to have not a single representative left who remembers that we won the War, and if we had had just one real statesman, we should have reaped the victor's guerdon which would have assured peace to the world. As it is, we forget that we are the envied nation of the earth.

We bleat about peace and disarmament, because our Parliament has lost its manhood, and are mildly injured when the rest of the world suggests that we are bound to want peace, since it is we who possess a world empire and want nothing more. All our diplomacy has been directed towards forming a Continental coalition against ourselves and every effort has been made to leave us defenceless against that coalition. The outward and visible sign of our leaders' cowardice is to be found in the attitude of our delegates at Berlin. Why should Hitler hammer down on them his demands as though he were our conqueror?

The National Trumpeter

Conservatives should rise up *en masse* to defeat the latest subterranean effort of the Caucus to stab Conservatism in the back. When the first rumours of the new National Publicity Bureau were made known quite recently the decision to place Sir Kingsley Wood, the Postmaster General, at the head of it was expected to mollify public opinion because Sir Kingsley is held up to us as a model Conservative.

Sir Kingsley Wood is an efficient administrator and a good business man and has done good work in the G.P.O., following a succession of duffers. On the other hand he has slavishly followed Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin in all their policies. He has no independent outlook. He is

no Sir George Younger, alas, and is no guarantee at all to the true Conservative Party.

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Plot Against Conservatism

The National Publicity Bureau, if Conservatives permit it to usurp the Central Office, will destroy every vestige of the Conservative Party if it can. It is pretended that it will fight Socialism, but it must not offend them, or say anything disrespectful of the last Socialist administration lest it should prejudice Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. It must not oppose Liberals by referring to such a delicate subject as Free Trade, oh, dear no! It must "fight" the enemies of patriotism in kid gloves! It is not to be even under Conservative control, for it will have three Directors, the other two being Liberal and Socialist respectively. So shy is Lord Stonehaven over this new unwanted bastard that he wangled the announcement just too late to permit of its being placed on the Agenda of the Central Council of the National Union of Conservative Associations.

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Baldwin's Amazing Discovery

Mr. Baldwin has at length discovered that Quotas are a failure! Everybody else, except Free Traders like Mr. Runciman, had enough *nous* to realise it from the first. A great deal of the enthusiasm of Conservatives at the last General Election was because they were led to believe the Government was going to impose a straight tariff, with preference for the Dominions, but instead were inflicted with a series of Black Trade Pacts on the Quota System. Now that the Conservative Leader has discovered three and a half years after everybody else that Quotas increase prices to the benefit of the foreigner and add nothing to the Revenue, let us hope he may discover other mistakes. There is the question of the Air Force, for one, and the burning question of the India Surrender Bill for another. But what a strange "leader," who dawdles years behind his followers.

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Flying Kites?

It is perhaps philosophical to reflect that it is better if Mr. Baldwin finds out he has made a mistake later than not at all, but at the same time it must be said that in consequence of his futile policy of Quotas we are saddled with a series of Black Pacts, which in no case can be altered until 1936, and many later. One effect has been to bring Mr. Lyons, the Australian Premier here, because Australia and other Dominions are being required to reduce their Quotas. Nor can we be sure that the latest conversion of Mr. Baldwin is not influenced by the prospects of the coming General Election.

If a straight tariff had been imposed in 1931 the financial resources of the country would have been greatly strengthened, agriculture would have gone ahead by leaps and bounds, and unemployment figures would have been reduced. Meantime, in our view, when Mr. Baldwin flies kites, with a semblance of profundity, they are worth just nothing. In another few weeks if he thinks it suits him he will revert to Quotas again.

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On, Stanley, On!

Baldwin still sticks to the League of Nations, but with an insistence that is suspicious. Never, never will he desert it! He has already made, however, some advances to realities in that slow-motion way of his. He virtually abandoned collective security in a speech he made at Glasgow last December—"a collective peace system is perfectly impracticable to-day;" and a few days ago he declared at a meeting in London that disarmament was impossible—"we have to admit that disarmament is not going to be effected in the near future." These appear to be good reasons against, not for, the continuance of the League. Will the next stage in Mr. Baldwin's pilgrimage be connected with a statement of its demise?

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Panic in Geneva

Nothing could indicate more clearly the essential feebleness of the League than the panic into which it was thrown when the French Government persisted in bringing before it Hitler's action in tearing up part of the Versailles Treaty. "We know you believe in the League," said Geneva to Paris, "but why impose such a cruel strain on us? After all, we are very young, and not too strong." The supporters of the League in this country took sides about it. Sir Austen Chamberlain asked what was the League for if not for this very sort of question, and Gilbert Murray followed suit, if a little more cautiously. On the other hand, not a few echoed the plaint of Geneva, where, however, hopes are now entertained that some means will be found for preventing the beastly thing from ever coming up. And so it goes on.

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Training in Sail

The Admiralty have taken over the 55-ft. auxiliary ketch *Tai Mo Shan* for training junior officers in sail. It will be remembered that she was the vessel in which five naval officers sailed back to this country from the China station, across the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, arriving last summer.

Training in sail has long been advocated by many senior officers of the Service, Admiral Mark Kerr being one of the foremost. Certain it is that sail is the only medium which gives a grounding

on practical lines in real seamanship. There is not the same scope in a steamship for meeting the many small problems whose mastery denotes the true seaman.

Tai Mo Shan will almost certainly be entered for several of the Royal Ocean's Racing Club's races, probably being manned with cadets from Dartmouth. These races are a fine test of skill and endurance and are one of the finest schools of all-round seamanship. If this experiment on the part of the Admiralty should prove a success, other yachts of a similar type will be added as Fleet auxiliaries for training purposes.

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The Man Who Knows

"Broadcasters are appointed to execute a high commission. . . ." Thus Sir John Reith, in his report to South Africa on their broadcasting problem. To whom the broadcasters are responsible is not mentioned, so Sir John evidently claims a sort of divine right in the matter.

Apparently the South Africans do not resent being told that they ought to have another such as he, who, apart from the technicalities of broadcasting, knows so much better than they the things which are good for them.

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Flandin—Patriot

While the French Chamber was showing its understanding of the gravity of the crisis by voting with overwhelming majorities for the Bill sanctioning the construction of two warships of 35,000 tons each, M. Flandin, the French Prime Minister, was making a great appeal to his countrymen, in a speech at Vincennes, for national unity. Declaring that domestic political strife was never more inopportune, he said that patriotism must be placed above party, and that he did not believe that pacifism, of which some Frenchmen boasted, would stand in the way, any more than in the past, of the call to arms for the defence of their native land. *Adsit omen!* He gave grave point to his appeal by recalling that ten years ago Mussolini had foretold that 1935 and 1936 would be the critical years.

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Back to the Land

The experiment at Potton, Bedfordshire, of "back-to-the-land" for selected unemployed men may have a big effect in the near future if it proves successful, as there is every hope it may be. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Simon Marks, Lady Denham, and some other philanthropists, the Potton estate of over 500 acres has been taken over by the Land Settlement Association and is being divided up into small holdings of five acres each. Some 18 selected men from distressed areas in Durham, including miners, dockyard hands, engineers, factory hands and so on, are

now being instructed in farming and how to make a living out of a small holding. In connection with the experimental estate a home farm will supply them with pedigree stock and an organisation to provide their necessary seeds and manure, and market their produce on a communal basis. Cottages will be erected and a grant to start them will be repaid over a number of years. All that is wanted is reasonable protection from cheap foreign dumping.

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Lancashire Tragedy

Lord Lloyd uttered a scathing criticism of the Government at the India Defence League meeting at the Albert Hall. He reminded his audience that we have two million people in this country hungering for work and wages. We have scores of thousands walking the streets of Lancashire because of the miserable trade surrender to the Indian cotton spinners, who finance Congress, our implacable foes. "In the several hundred clauses in this Bill," he observed, "there is scarcely mention of British work and wages. That is how much the Government care."

If the Government were pro-British and not pale pink they could have compelled a re-adjustment of the tariff in such a way as would have given renewed prosperity to the Lancashire operatives, and, do not forget, to their employers who are largely being ruined. Indeed, if this Government had done its job properly, with the judicious use of tariffs and its rights, there need have been no unemployment in Lancashire and agriculture might have been flourishing. Yet they go round boasting that the unemployment figures are not larger!

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The Author Governor-General

The large contingent of Scots in Canada, as well as the world of letters, will be gratified by Mr. Buchan's appointment as the next Governor-General of that Dominion. It is singularly rare for a commoner to get such a post, though—*absit omen*—the present Lord Halifax was only Mr. Wood when the announcement was made of his succession to the Viceroyalty of India. He was, of course, heir to a peerage at the time, but was created a peer under the now notorious title of Lord Irwin. Lord Stonehaven, too, when he was appointed Governor-General of Australia, was known as Sir John Baird. Presumably before long the announcement will be made of Mr. Buchan's elevation to the peerage.

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The Simple Life

Berlin, March 25. Special attention had been paid to the vegetable dishes, which were of *great variety and richness*, for Herr Hitler is a vegetarian. *Reuter.*

PAUSE FOR REFRESHMENTS

*"Dr. Burgin moved that the Pork (Import Regulation) Order, 1935,
under the Agricultural Marketing Act, 1933, be approved."*

[Parliamentary Report]

WHEN poised upon the prandial fork
Much can be said in praise of pork,
And pigs do more than Parliament
To keep the soul of man content.
For whether, in the guise of gammon,
Served to the swollen sons of Mammon,
Or browsed upon in manner hearty
By leaders of the Labour Party,
Whether as bacon, back or streaky
Or, as they love it in Auld Reekie,
Boiled with pease pudding, or as Boston,
Where there's a temporary frost on,
Is still believed to like it best,
Baked among beans, or whether pressed
Into some toothsome bag of mystery,
Pork is the noblest food in history.

THEN come, my Muse, and let us weave
A porky measure. We shall leave
The politicians and their plots,
Since pigs are pigs and Scots are Scots,
And Caledonia's hairy brood
Think more of whisky than of food,
And only skirl their pipesome baggies
In honour of the halesome haggis,
Which, like Macbeth, doth murder sleep,
Its chief ingredient being sheep.
We'll leave the ploy of State and State,
Let Frenchmen fear and Bolshies hate,
And Nordic Nazis wolf the wurst
Of Aryan kultur till they burst,
Let Fascism's corporate throes impart a
Resurgent tang to chipolata,
While Roosevelt from Depression's fog
Frees the American hot dog.

YOU and I, Muse, will pore apart
Upon the culinary art,
Discuss the charms of pickled pork,
If Bradenham ham excels the York,
What herbs the sausageman decoys
Into his toothsome saveloys,
Whence come Bath chaps, and whether crackling
Can be made fit for human tackling.

BUT why with such an ill accord
The Pig Board flouts the Bacon Board,
Or why Lord Beaverbrook complains
Of our trade balance with the Danes,
Or why must Doctor Burgin dig
His knife into the foreign pig
And clap a quota on his frame,
We shall not ask; but we'll proclaim
That pig-meat is majestic stuff
Whereof we seldom hold enough,
And curse him low and curse him high,
Who interferes with the supply.

HAMADRYAD.

Conversation at Berlin

By the Saturday Reviewer

THE formal conversations, which had been guarded and dull, were over. "Come with me, Sir John," said the Führer, and our Foreign Secretary, with that insinuating bend of the neck which was native to him, followed Herr Hitler from the Chamber of State in to a smaller and a cosier Cabinet.

"Now we are alone," said the Reich Chancellor, "we can talk. A cigar! Your young Eden is a nice fellow but understands nothing. As for Von Neurath he chooses his words admirably to conceal his thoughts. But you, Sir John, have an intellect; you are, besides, an Englishman—although not perhaps altogether a typical Englishman. Is that a compliment?"

"I am not, at all events a Jew," said the Foreign Secretary ingratiatingly—and then he added as if repenting his frankness—"not that I approve of your treatment of these excellent people, among whom I number many friends."

Sir John remembered the forlorn record of his Chief's attempts to get a hearing upon any public platform. He was silent.

"Rumour tells me that he is hissed and booed wherever he appears," continued the Führer brutally.

"He is at least," said Sir John, stung to the retort, "a constitutional Minister."

The German Chancellor rose to his full height and strode across to the English Secretary of State. For a moment Sir John wondered nervously if there were a pistol in his pocket; but dismissed the idea as fanciful. They were a strange contrast, these two—the Nazi uncouth, unkempt, in army boots and field uniform with Swastika on his arm and a lock of hair, like Maxton's, over one eye. He glowed, he blazed, with a sort of fanatical fire; but it could not melt or even penetrate the formal iciness of the Secretary of State.



The Humble Listeners! Shades of Pitt and Beaconsfield!

"Ha!" said the Nazi Leader, "in private matters, excellent; but in matters of State beware of them. Your Montagu, your Reading—they have lost you India."

"Our Indian policy is not determined by our Jews alone," said Sir John, a little stiffly.

"You think not. Well, after all, that is your affair," the Führer replied. "Now tell me, why am I disliked in England?"

"It is not Your Excellency," Sir John replied with a bow, "but the system. In England we believe in popular Government."

"I am the Government," Herr Hitler exclaimed, a trifle stridently, "and I am popular. Consider, if I go into that embrasure and open the windows, all Berlin will flock into the Square. They will raise their arms as one man, and they will shout, 'Heil Hitler!' Would they do that for your Ramsay MacDonald in London?"

"Ha," he said, "a constitutional Minister! Very good! Meaning that I am a usurper! But now, listen to me. Does your Prime Minister represent England as I represent Germany? Did they really want him? Did they put him there by their own free-will, or was he foisted upon them by the politicians? In any event, can he command his nation as I command mine?"

"A free Democracy has no master," said Sir John fervently, "the Leader is their servant."

"Yes, that is the real difference, I suppose," said the Führer. "And yet you say he is the Chief of your Government, and it should be the nature of a Government, surely, to govern."

"We are the representatives of the British people," Sir John replied stiffly.

The German Chancellor laughed, "You will excuse me," he said, "but I have a great respect for the British people, that ancient proud and war-

like nation which conquered the world. I am a blunt soldier and I laugh when you say that, I shall not say you, but he represents them!"

"Your Excellency is too frank," said Sir John with as near an approach to anger as he ever allowed himself to show. "Permit me to say that I am a loyal colleague. We waste our time."

"Not altogether," said the Chancellor, "we are both, I hope, learning each other's point of view. And I hope I am conveying something more. If I command and you only obey, do not our relative situations affect the matters with which we deal? I, a master, negotiate with you, a servant. I raise a finger and the Reich leaps up as one man. Your electorate raised a foot—and out you go! How then can we treat upon equal terms?"

"We also get our way, although we do not believe in force," said Sir John.

"No doubt," said His Excellency. "Was it

not Pobiedonostseff who said long ago that Democracy was an organised lie? Well, we shall not quarrel over that."

"On the other hand, we get no further," said Sir John.

"Nor shall we, I fear," said the Führer, "since you deal in make-believe and I in realities. You want us to worship at the shrine of sham, which you have erected at Geneva."

"It is only a form," said Sir John eagerly, "and it would make such a difference."

"The League of Nations," said the Reich Chancellor, "with Litvinov and Hitler at the board, would be a notable example of sincerity."

"It would make all the difference," said Sir John. "We could then talk about Peace and about Disarmament and about Community Pacts."

"Yes, we could then talk," Herr Hitler said grimly.

India Bill Scandal

By Kim

"There is still time to rebuild the Conservative Party and to save the Indian Empire."

(Lord Lloyd)

EVENTS on the Continent have had the effect of leaving the Government's surrender-India Bill out of the top of the programme for the last week or so. Those who have been following events and regard it, as does Lord Lymington, as sinister, un-English, and rotten to the core, will rejoice to realise that the severe blows dealt at it by its opponents have practically given it the knock-out. Mr. Winston Churchill said at the Albert Hall last week that it was as dead as mutton and effectually it is so. It has been riddled with criticism and every day it continues to be debated in Committee it becomes more and more putrid. Yet there is every sign still that Sir Samuel Hoare, swayed by *amour propre*, intends to force it through the Committee stages.

On clause 18, which sets up a Council of State and a Federal Assembly in India, Mr. Churchill told Sir Samuel Hoare that happily the Government had united all India against their policy and such a legislature would probably never emerge from the form in which it had darkened the pages of this bulky Bill. Sir Samuel Hoare became peevish and said jeeringly that members were getting used to the type of speech delivered. To this Mr. Winston Churchill retorted that not the slightest attempt had been made to answer the arguments and added that "when you have a majority of 200 gentlemen waiting in the libraries and smoke-rooms you have no need to go into arguments."

The subservient majority of the Government did not like this home thrust. They do not perceive apparently that their action in accepting Mr.

Ramsay MacDonald's Socialist India Policy, which has been dumped on them (although never an issue at the last General Election), had discredited them utterly. They are now being made the butt of music-hall jokes and even of B.B.C. funny men.

On March 20th news came through of savage rioting in Karachi by Moslems, arising from a religious dissension between Hindus and Moslems. A mob of some 20,000 Mohammedans, encouraged by shrieking women, attempted to stampede the city, and would have indulged in an orgy of murder and loot in the Hindu quarter, had not British troops been available. A platoon of merely 25 men of the Sussex Regiment checked the rush and caused certain casualties. Here was an object lesson of what British rule means and what lies in store in India if Sir Samuel Hoare has his way and the country is ruled by Congress.

Almost simultaneously in London Sir Samuel Hoare was betraying his pledge given so recently as February 26th, when the hostility of the Princes to the Federal Clause in the India Bill became known. He then pledged himself in these words:

"If . . . in the near future, or in the less near future at any time, it appears that there are irreconcilable differences between the Government and the Princes, I will at once inform the Committee of the fact, and I will give the undertaking that we will, in that case, reconsider the whole position."

These irreconcilable differences have arisen. The verbatim record of the Princes' speeches were available and were circulated to all M.P.'s by Mr. Churchill. All that Sir Samuel Hoare could say in the face of this was that they were "confidential," though they had been published *in extenso* by the *Morning Post*. Lord Hugh Cecil argued that Sir Samuel Hoare weakens his case by insisting that

the Bombay meeting was confidential. He suggested—if the Secretary of State were sincere—that he should call a special meeting of the Princes to ascertain their formal views and take a vote as to whether or not they wanted the India Bill.

Unable to meet the arguments, Sir Samuel then declared that the Princes would not be asked to decide until the Bill was passed. If they accede there will be Federation. If they do not there will be no Federation. Yet a few weeks ago, the Conservative Party were being gulled and duped by Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare, who maintained throughout that the Princes were in hearty agreement with the main outline of what was proposed. *Now we see that neither of these politicians, who call themselves Conservatives, had the least authority for their statements. They were invented for the purpose of misleading the Conservative Party.* Can political profligacy stoop lower?

No wonder at the Albert Hall Mr. Churchill claimed that "every effort and every intrigue" had been used to get the Conservative Party to go along quietly. He complained also with justice that he had sustained "a great and unusual sense of ill-usage and unfairness in the manner in which his controversy had been conducted." From the very beginning, when the Government's majority was used to set up a packed Committee and sell India to its enemies to please Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, its real author, we have had nothing but deceptions and lies. It is clear now that the Princes' breach is complete and irreparable. Subterfuge and pressure will of course continue.

Coercion Tactics

There is little doubt that the Princes severally and jointly will be squeezed and coerced as far as the Government dare do so in order to get them to surrender. They will be offered bribes or, failing that, threats, for such was clear some time last year when the Viceroy's coercion was definitely charged against him by Major Courtauld, M.P. and Lord Lynton. There is nothing to which the present Government will not stoop in order to carry this Bill to finality. We believe, nevertheless, that they will fail. Sooner or later deception and deceit gets found out and throughout the Constituencies to-day there is a steady rising of Conservative electors who hate the very sound of it.

Earl Howe, at the Albert Hall meeting, said the Bill was obviously a wedge being driven into the heart of the Conservative Party and the Government were going on with it now chiefly to save the face of people like Sir Samuel Hoare. When we get plain speaking like this from so highly respected a member of the Conservative Party it is surely time the rank and file began to sit up and take notice. There is little time now for them to put down their foot plainly and issue an ultimatum to Mr. Baldwin that this dangerous Bill must be withdrawn, and that if Sir Samuel Hoare's face cannot be saved, well, he can go the way of greater men. It is certain that the wedge in question has been driven in deeper than most of our politicians imagine. Many of them talk glibly about the Conservatives closing up their ranks against Socialism when this India Bill is on the Statute Book.

Will they close up? What Conservatives worthy the name will feel they can trust any longer their erstwhile leaders who have so deceived them? How can they follow men who have fathered a repulsive measure which is nothing more than pure Socialism? Perhaps some such realisation caused Mr. Baldwin to trim his sails to continue the precious "National Party," and announce, as he did in Sir Samuel Hoare's constituency recently, that the Conservative Party could not win an election by itself.

Time to Rebuild

The Conservative Party can, and only it can. The longer this spurious "National" Government continues, the worse becomes its popularity, for it is neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. It pleases nobody except a small section of place-hunters, sycophants, hangers-on, and discredited politicians from all Parties. If the Government had the wisdom, even at this late hour, to withdraw its India Bill, it would certainly strengthen its position, but it will not. None of its members possess the courage or insight to make a bold move in this or anything else. Inevitably, therefore, it will plunge on to destruction.

But, as Lord Lloyd says, there is still time to rebuild the Conservative Party and save India. There is still time if the Conservative members of Parliament who have hitherto out of loyalty to the Government, to which they owe no loyalty, will refuse to support it any longer. They must realise that Conservatism is hardening on the subject of India and other matters of policy akin to this question. Conservatives will not go towards them on the left, but are leaning more and more to the right. They will not unite with the trucklers to treason or the men ready to sell India to our enemies, when the deed is done. But they will be only too willing to cement their ranks and let bygones be bygones if those who have wandered from the right road return to the true fold of Conservatism, and by such means only will Socialism be defeated at the next General Election.

Wisdom of Disraeli

The peace came, the stimulating influences suddenly ceased; the people in a novel and painful position, found themselves without guides. They went to the Ministry; they asked to be guided; they asked to be governed. Commerce requested a code; trade required a currency. What did the Ministry do? . . .

They fell into a panic. Having fulfilled during their lives the duties of administration, they were frightened because they were called upon, for the first time, to perform the functions of government.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.

"England would be the greatest country in the world if it were not for the House of Commons. It makes so much confusion."—DISRAELI.

Our Innocents Abroad

By Robert Machray

WHEN the visits were announced great care was taken by the spokesmen of our Government and by our Press generally to add that the mission of Sir John Simon and Mr. Anthony Eden to Berlin, and that of Mr. Eden to Moscow, Warsaw and Prague, bore only an "exploratory character." After the explosion of the Hitler conscription bombshell further emphasis was placed in England on the entire accuracy of this description—the usual wobble-wobble of our fatuous Government took place, to the discomfort of our French and Italian friends, who wanted something to be said more or less sharply to Germany about her unilateral action in tearing up Part V of the Treaty of Versailles.

This led to the meeting in Paris of MM. Laval, Eden and Suvich last Saturday, but there, according to the *communiqué* issued afterwards, it was "recalled that the visit of the British Ministers to Berlin was of an exploratory character." Of course, everything in the garden was lovely again, though no doubt some other things were also recalled, and there may even have been some pretty plain speaking, as may be guessed by the reference to the identical views of the British and French Governments (and accepted by the Italian Government), as expressed in the *communiqué* of February 3.

Why Russia?

But it is not in Berlin alone that exploration is to be done, or at all events attempted. For, in his speech to the Junior Imperial League on Saturday last Mr. Baldwin said that Simon and Eden, on their "errand of peace," were going to "find out at first-hand from the only men who have power to speak" whether or not "we may rely on Germany and Russia (my italics) playing their part" in the real pacification of Europe. It would be extremely interesting to know what Mr. Baldwin had precisely in mind when he referred to the Soviet, for surely it must have been something distinct and definite when, leaving out Warsaw and Prague, he linked Moscow alone with Berlin in this striking way. Mr. Eden on his return may be able to shed a little light on this problem.

Touching Berlin and the exploratory work there, Hitler had already stated that he was willing, with certain reservations, to discuss what is sometimes called the London Programme which was set forth in the Anglo-French *communiqué* published in February. That programme covered a "general settlement," which included the substitution for Part V of the Versailles Treaty (already in smithereens) of a general agreement on armaments, the conclusion of various pacts, and the return of Germany to the League. With the exception of the Air Pact, the Berlin talks showed that Hitler is opposed to the other pacts, particularly the Eastern Pact.

Their object, if the interpretation of Mr. Baldwin is followed, was to discover what in very fact was the inmost mind of Hitler. At what figure was his huge Army to stop? What were the aims he intended to pursue and attain by means of that Army? Did he mean peace or war? Like everybody else, the British Ministers were familiar with Hitler's numerous pacific speeches and gestures, but they also were, or should have been, familiar with a statement he made two years ago—it is a statement that goes to the heart of the whole matter and therefore must be repeated, for it still stands on record.

Hitler said that "territories which have been severed from us cannot be regained by flaming protests, but by the sword of power. To forge such a sword is the task of those who conduct domestic policy. The task of foreign policy is to ensure that the forging of such a sword shall not be interrupted and to provide comrades in arms."

England Unprepared

It is sometimes said that Hitler has altered his point of view since he wrote the foregoing, but the way in which he presented Europe with the *fait accompli* on March 16, and that *fait accompli* itself, can hardly be taken as exhibiting any marked change in him. And the stiffness of his attitude in the Berlin talks manifests this still more.

It is not at all surprising that disquiet and apprehension prevail throughout the Continent. The indomitable Mussolini, calling up his reserves, states that he is "ready for anything"—I wish to heaven that we here in England could say the same, but we are alas! in no position to do anything of the sort, thanks to our wretched, procrastinating, pseudo-National Government. What we have to face *vis-à-vis* Hitler is the revival of the German Navy, an operation which, however, must take a fairly long time, though with the ever-rising scale on which the German Air armament proceeds this is not so important a consideration as it might otherwise be. But first we may be called on to face a demand for the return of the former German colonies—Tanganyika, South-West Africa, and so on. What are we going to do about it?

Hitler gives and will give us plenty to think about; to "explore." What is now perfectly certain is that he intends—and who is going to say him nay?—that the size of his Army is to be proportionate to the population of his country, which, before long, will be seventy millions. This means that the German Army will be much superior to the French Army, and, *pace* the larger numerical strength of the Soviet forces, the most powerful in the world. What is called the "policy of fact" now holds the stage—not what might be, or what one would like it to be, but what is! We have been terribly, we must hope not disastrously, slow in realising the situation. But time is short.

THE FIGHT *for True* CONSERVATISM

By Sir Lionel Haworth

A STATEMENT in our inspired press suggests that the vote of the Norwood election showed that the number of discontented Conservatives is comparatively small and can be neglected in future. This we know to be the opinion of the executive of the Central Conservative Association. It is a suggestion so far removed from the truth that it is essential both in the interests of the Conservative Party at large as well as those who stand for the Empire in particular, that its implications should be removed, for it would be fatal if it should continue to be the official belief until a reverse at the next election showed its fallacy.

At Norwood, little more than half the electors registered their votes. It is notorious that many thousands who were supporters of the policy for which Mr. Findlay stood did not vote because they were afraid of splitting the Conservative Party. But they were not prepared to vote for the official candidate whom they regarded as the exponent of the Liberal-Socialist party of disintegration of the Empire, a policy supported by our so-called Conservative leaders. These abstentions did no harm at Norwood where Conservatism is supreme, but would be fatal at many elections in the country; and might let in the Socialists at a general election.

HAMMERING HOME THE TRUTH

Nevertheless, until we can persuade the Central Conservative Association that the numbers of us who cannot support the Conservative leaders in their present policy consists of more than half of the Conservatives in the country, they will not change their line of action. Yet Conservatives regard the policy of breaking up the Empire as no less disastrous than that to which the Socialist party is committed. They cannot vote for a candidate of either type.

How, then, can we bring the truth home to those in authority? There is only one way possible. It is to prove to them at by-elections the real trend of thought among Conservatives. Even if it entails the loss of a few seats to Socialists in the present Parliament the harm done would be negligible in a House of Commons with the enormous Conservative majority existing, whereas, if the same seats were lost at a general election it would be a real danger.

But to attain this result we must have no more Norwoods. There must be no candidates with

insufficient support, insufficient organisation, insufficient canvassers. An organisation must be formed and candidates selected and appointed by that organisation. We must without delay form a headquarters' staff with its proper departments and above all, we must recruit a body of workers—a flying squad — ready to go anywhere at short notice so that competent canvassing can be commenced on the first day a candidate is selected.

Above all, the reason and the cause of the candidature of the Independent Conservative must be fully explained to the electorate. Only by such measures can we hope to vote our full strength, a strength which is necessary to bring the leaders of the party to a sense of what the Conservative policy means when applied to the Empire.

DECAY SETS IN

The constituents must be made to realise that India is only a symptom of a deeper seated evil. It is the decay of that Imperial spirit which was the keynote of Conservatism. India is a precedent which will necessarily be applied to all colonies in which we control backward races. We know that in Kenya we were told that the principles adopted in India were to be extended there; that the work done by British settlers in civilising and developing the country was to count for naught and that the country was, in time, to be handed over to the Government of the Aboriginal inhabitants.

It was only the determined attitude of the settlers themselves which stopped these Liberal-Socialist ideas being put into force, ideas which deny to the British any of the rights which they create when making the countries they inhabit, ideas which are totally foreign to the principles upon which we have built up our great Dominions.

We must, fighting these elections, state our own policy in India, a policy of provincial autonomy but founded on an equality for British rights. We must define the Conservatism of the past; the principles of which we maintain in due relation to modern conditions and we must point out where Baldwinism is departing from the doctrines of Empire we have always followed.

With our case so stated, we shall not only poll our full strength, but we shall gain many recruits who do not yet understand the road on which our leaders are attempting to drive us. The first essential is organisation and this we trust will come into life very shortly. We shall then be able to fight every by-election at which the official candidate is not prepared to state definitely his opposition to the White Paper or to affirm his support of Conservative Empire principles.

BRITISH LEGION

Trouble in Scotland

Inquiry Refused

By a Scottish Correspondent

RECENT articles and correspondence in the *Saturday Review* have brought home very clearly to the public that there is something radically wrong with the administration of the British Legion. But if the English section of that body is acting most unwisely in ignoring the persistent demand for an inquiry, what can be said of the executive in Scotland, which refuses to hold the inquiry the Annual Conference itself considered imperative something like nine months ago?

Within two months of the Conference's decision, the National Executive Council appointed a court to investigate the grave charges that had been made. This court consisted of nine members, one from each of the area councils in Scotland; and, to banish once for all any idea about the triviality of the charges, the Executive hastily nominated an honorary legal adviser whose proposals, that a legal assessor and clerk of court attend all sittings of the court, were gratefully accepted by the Council.

It is surely a sad commentary, either on the courage or on the integrity of that body that, having gone thus far, they should now seem content to allow their own creation to fizzle out so ignominiously. What can the new Scottish chairman, the Earl of Airlie, who, according to the finding of the Annual Conference, was to be president of the court, think about it all? And, anyhow, as a *Saturday Review* correspondent has pointedly remarked, will it not be a damaging blow to the Legion's prestige if any further attempt is made to hush up the grave matters under discussion?

The Scottish Journal

What are these "grave charges"? From the most reliable sources I gather that the trouble in Scotland has been brewing ever since Captain E. F. Pinnington resigned from the editorship of *Pro Patria*, the British Legion Scottish Journal, in June of 1932. His resignation gave rise to considerable comment at the time, but it was not until it became known that he had to recover his last month's salary from the producers in the London County Court on January 11, 1933, that the clamour for an enquiry really became urgent, culminating, as indicated, at last year's Annual Conference.

The list of matters for investigation is now of ominous length.

The first dates back to 1929, when, in February, the Legion in Scotland entered into a contract for the publication of "The British Legion Scottish Handbook." As this handbook contained no less

than 37½ pages of advertisements and only a few thousand copies were put in circulation, curious Legionaries, not to mention the benevolent advertisers, are now desirous of knowing what share of the profits which no doubt accrued from the publication fell to the British Legion, and why this share did not figure in the Legion's annual statements of accounts.

A similar and no less embarrassing question is also being asked about the profits from the production of the British Legion Scottish Journal. Although an official circular, dated November 1, 1932, in asking advertisers for a continuance of their support, assured them of the Legion's "participation in the profits," I have sought in vain for any mention of these profits during the last four years in the Legion's statements of accounts.

£20 a Page

The reason for this omission, no doubt, is to be found in the agreement entered into with the present producers in December, 1930, the tenth clause of which provides for an equal division of the profits between the Legion and the publishers only if and when the net profits in any year shall exceed the sum of three thousand pounds. It would be interesting to know whether advertisers, when paying bills to the tune of £20 a page for advertising space in the journal, are made aware of this provision. Three former supporters, at any rate, have stated most emphatically that they were kept in entire ignorance of this arrangement and that, had they not been assured that most of the profits went to the funds of the Legion, they would never have dreamed of advertising in a production that was of little use to them from a business point of view.

Another charge concerns alleged erroneous statements that have appeared in the annual reports issued by Edinburgh headquarters. In the report for 1931-32, to give but one example, under the heading of "Publicity," the following para. appears:—

It is pleasing to note that in a reply to a question on the subject every branch, with one exception, is in agreement that the Journal should, if at all possible, be carried on under the existing contract, which involves no financial obligation on the organisation.

As a result of inquiries I have made all over the country, I am in a position to state that this statement is, at the very least, grossly exaggerated. Out of the 200 branches embraced in my inquiry not a single one ever was consulted; and not a single one knew anything at all about the terms of the existing contract. Perhaps no more need be said.

Our Vulnerable Air Force

By Observer

PERHAPS the most serious point about the Air Estimates, already referred to in the *Saturday Review*, is they give no indication that the Air Ministry appreciates the vital fact that the Air Force, like the Navy, though even to a greater degree, must be always and insistently ready for war.

Aerial war will give no opportunity for mobilisation. No precious weeks, not even hours, will be available for the smallest preparation. No time will be given for protective measures nor will it be possible to build up reserves or train additional personnel.

Before the advent of the air arm the Navy could secure itself in protected bases in case of need, safe even from submarine attack. These Naval bases are now, of course, vulnerable to air attack, but how much more so are the R.A.F. stations? The danger to crowded centres of population has been so much stressed that the fact that aerial invaders would naturally first—or at least at the same time—attack the bases of the defending aircraft seems to have escaped notice.

At all events it is an open secret that our aerodromes are definitely peace-time stations utterly unprotected against attack. Once they are destroyed or put out of action our Air Force might as well, for the time being, not exist, for only at these stations and store depôts are the essential supplies of petrol, bombs, spares of every kind, etc., quickly available. So far there is no attempt at camouflage. The 'dromes are so easily detectable from above, made, in fact, deliberately so by large landing circles, etc., that the invaders would not have the least difficulty in locating them.

Appalling Neglect

Nor is any defence available. The microscopically small number of A.A. Artillery Units would be totally inadequate even for the London defences; it is certain therefore that not any of them could be spared for aerodrome defence duties. Not even machine gun posts are provided, so that the R.A.F. bases would even be open to devastating low-flying attacks.

What steps, if any, are being taken to render them less conspicuous from the air, to provide alternative war stations, to provide adequate protection for bomb stores, petrol tanks, shelter for personnel and anti-gas defence? A true answer would disclose an appalling neglect in such matters.

It is not as if our Air Force was sufficiently strong to provide interception squadrons for the protection both of our towns and our aerodromes. Inevitably the demand would be for the protection of the civilian centres and while our scanty units were thus engaged their bases would be defenceless against the attack which any invading air force would certainly make upon them.

Instead of defence, the authorities have been concentrating on the artistic amenities. They have engaged an architect from the Office of Works to design buildings and have appointed a committee of ladies to advise on domestic arrangements of the quarters! Quite wise and useful steps if, and only if, such matters are subordinated to the primary considerations of utility and defence. By all means let our 'dromes be "beauty spots" so long as they are at the same time capable of fulfilling their *raison d'être*.

But if not, of what use is it to spend additional thousands in improving, at the behest of the Fine, Arts Commission, designs and layouts of station's which could—and, as things are at present, certainly would—be blown to pieces a few hours after war is declared?

Act NOW

There is reason to feel equal anxiety as to the reserves of mobilisation equipment. Wastage in aerial warfare is enormous and large reserves not only of airframes and engines, but of complex instruments are essential. They do not exist nor are steps being taken to provide them. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the time for provision is NOW. The speed of aerial warfare will be far too great to allow us once more to improvise and "muddle through."

In many ways we have a wonderful Air Force. At Hendon each year we produce the finest military flying to be seen in the world; our pilots are of the best; our mechanics are highly skilled and our machines, though many are obsolescent, are the acme of reliability.

But these facts only make the defining of ground defence the more tragic. We cannot afford a "peace time" Air Force. It must be made what it is intended to be, an instrument of defence equipped to the last bolt and instantly and always ready for the eventuality of unheralded and sudden hostilities.

People who are patriots, who would like something more than the "hush-hush" news of most of the daily papers, and want to know and hear the truth, should buy

"The Patriot"

"The National Review"

and

their humble servant

"The Saturday Review"

Eve in Paris

WARM and delightful weather has brought out early blossoms. In a sheltered glade of the Trocadéro Gardens, a horse-chestnut tree in full leafage may already be seen, while a perfect Spring day dawned for the opening of the "Concours Hippique" at the Grand Palais.

The great horse-show is a popular event and generally draws fashionable crowds. This year it has, so far, been poorly attended by the general public, but the habitués remain constant and persons interested in matters equine enjoy themselves witnessing remarkable feats of horsemanship and admiring beautiful horses. A hundred officers competed for the Prix de l'Ourcq, spectacular jumping being seen. It was won by Lieutenant Moissenet, with "Cajoleuse," a fine bay mare; M. Davey, riding his beautiful "Lady Diana," secured the "Prix des Hacks."

The show lasts for three weeks during which time the French Cavalry will show that its officers are second to none in equestrian skill.

The presence of many charming women-riders proves an attraction. Madame Schumann has entered her mare, a perfect gray; Miss Belle Baruch who hunts at Pau, has also entered several mounts; an admirable rider, she will doubtless carry off a prize, while two Scandinavian riders, Mesdames Hasselbach and Holmgren also deserve success.

WHEN M. Rollin, Minister for the Colonies, published the news (received via Brussels) that the Governor-General of French Equatorial Africa, with his wife and five companions, had perished, in an air crash during a tornado not far from Brazzaville in the Belgian Congo, consternation and grief was universally felt. The Air Minister, General Denain, himself informed the Chamber of the tragic event and in a voice trembling with emotion declared, "France mourns to-day one of her noblest sons, and our Colonies a devoted friend."

Born at Oran in 1883, M. Edouard Renard met with success early in life. He became a *Sous-Prefet* at the age of 26, held various important political posts, and was made Prefect of the Seine in 1929, in which capacity he showed himself a great administrator. During the dark days of February, 1934, disapproving the actions of the Government and deeming the dismissal of his friend, M. Chiappe, an act of gross injustice, he retired. His appointment as Governor General of F.E.A. only dates back to last July, and great things were expected of his talents and energy in finding scope for development in France's vast Colonial Empire.

To M. Chiappe fell the sad task some eighteen months ago of breaking to Madame Renard, mother of the Governor-General, news of the tragic

end of her grandson, a military pilot killed in an aviation accident. He had also to tell the unhappy lady of her son's terrible fate, leaving her overwhelmed with grief which was sustained only by the heartfelt sympathy and affection of Madame Chiappe, who refused to leave her friend.

THE great football match between France and Germany took place at the Parc des Princes in the presence of over 45,000 spectators, this number including 10,000 Germans. It had been feared that, owing to the political development, ill-feeling might have been shown towards France's foreign guests, or manifested by them. Nothing of the kind happened. Peace reigned.

The German team, arriving first, was warmly applauded by Germans and French alike. Stopping before the Presidential Tribune, the Germans saluted M. Queuille, Minister of Sport, and M. Roland Koester, the German Ambassador. The orchestra then played "Deutschland über Alles," and afterwards the French team appeared to the stirring strains of the Marseillaise.

M. Baert, a small and dapper Belgian, proved an excellent referee, never hesitating in difficult situations. The huge force of police and Gardes Mobiles under the Prefect of Police surrounding the Stadium to keep order, if necessary, had nothing to do but enjoy the game.

Germany won the match by three goals to one, amid hearty cheers, the French Press later magnanimously declaring, "The best team was victorious."

AN effort was made last year to revive the gaieties of "la Saison de Paris," and there was much entertaining in the fashionable hotels, with galas and dancing. But many hostesses remained in the provinces with their families, their magnificent Parisian homes were closed, giving visitors the impression that the once gay capital no longer possesses any social life. "What a contrast to London!" exclaim the many French people who suffer from the prevailing Anglo-mania.

This year the Princesse Murat, Madame Edmé Sommier, Madame Gillet and sixty other ladies met in solemn council at Madame Sommier's house and decided to change this depressing state of affairs by opening their great salons for festivities, which will be given in aid of charities. Madame Saumier will inaugurate the gay season by a ball in her magnificent house on the Quai d'Orsay, the Marquise de Ganay and other well-known women will, in turn, organise fêtes; and those of the younger set, who cannot cross the channel and witness the Jubilee will find some amusement at home, although their hearts yearn for "La Joyeuse Angleterre," as it is now called here—a curious revival of the ancient name, "Merry England."

JAPAN AND BRITAIN

This Year of Crisis

By G. A. Pasquier

A DAY of destiny dawned over the troubled political horizon in the Far East last Wednesday, when Japan's two years' notice of her withdrawal from the League of Nations expired. From now on the course of events in Eastern Asia during the next six months may decide the peace (or otherwise) of the world. Already in Japan to-day, 1935 is spoken of ominously as the Year of Crisis, because it is the year of the Naval Conference yet to be held.

Almost immediately a highly delicate situation arises concerning the Japanese mandated islands in the Pacific. Politicians are looking on their maps for the Marshalls, Carolines and Marianas—three strategically important but hitherto insignificant island groups in mid-Pacific.

Their retention by Japan is almost as certain as the fact that she will demand the principle of parity at the Naval Conference. They will doubtless go the way of Manchuria and presently much of Inner Mongolia—whatever abstract theorists at Geneva may have to say about it.

Upon the mainland of north-east Asia, in order to safeguard the vital economic interests of her congested millions Japan, as is well known, has adopted a policy which is the complete negation of the unthinking, sentimental idealism of the League of Nations.

Enforcing Her Rights

Consequently she realises the full portent of naval supremacy in Far Eastern waters to ensure her rights and her security. Only our bellicose Socialists and other international mumpsimus see in this policy any sinister scheme of aggression on the neighbouring mainland or against America.

For Japan, whose population has doubled in the last fifty years, her present course is imperative. Economically Manchuria, as Admiral Osumi, Japan's Minister of Marine, has declared, "is a matter of life and death to our nation." She has no "vast plan of Far Eastern hegemony such as the world has not yet seen," as has been hysterically suggested in one quarter. But to preserve the interests I have mentioned she will fight to-morrow, to the last man.

Last Wednesday will indeed have proved a day of tragic omen if the views of our dangerous peace-mongers and such "foresighted realists" as Mr. J. L. Garvin are allowed to prevail. They are urging that Britain, America and Soviet Russia should form a combination of overwhelming strength to defeat the political and naval aims of our former ally.

Those who know their Japan and the temper of the Japanese race can see but one consequence to

this piece of amateur statecraft. It would set the world ablaze.

Japan is the most sensitive among nations—an active, self-helping, intensely patriotic race that means business in this matter.

That in the next few weeks she will be in no mood for trifling over these pacific islands may be illustrated by the report of the interesting colloquy which recently took place at the League of Nations Mandates Commission between the Japanese and Italian delegates.

Mr. Ito, the Japanese delegate, was closely questioned by the Marchese Theodoli (Italy) about the long-rumoured creation of a fortified zone in these islands, and the establishment of an aerodrome and naval base at Saipan, the chief port of the Marianas (or Ladrões).

The Japanese delegate scarcely took the trouble to deny the fact. He declared somewhat evasively that the aerodrome at Saipan was required for an air service "to study atmospheric and fishing conditions."

Japan's Honour

The Marchese indignantly maintained that Japan should grant foreigners unrestricted access to the islands. (At present they are almost *terra incognita*, even to South Sea Traders). Mr. Ito replied significantly that this point was always raised when allegations were made against Japan's honour in the conduct of the mandate. "Owing," he said, "to the trouble which is being made by other nations in this part of the world, Japan has to act with prudence."

The sooner Japanese intransigence with regard to her policy in the Pacific is realised, the better it will be for the peace of the world.

Let us by all means preserve our friendship with America. But Japan's friendship is indispensable, too. A coalition of England, America and Russia intended to frustrate her in the Far East would be a suicidal solution of the whole problem—especially so far as the British Empire is concerned.

For Japan at present is far from hostile to Britain. She is seeking to strengthen the existing basis of friendship with us with a view to both countries making a common effort to remove the suspicions and dangers which now beset that quarter of the world.

But she would make a most dangerous enemy. In the event of war, Hongkong would be in grave jeopardy. Our troops at Shanghai, Tientsin and Peking would be isolated and Singapore itself might be imperilled.

We should at once renounce all ideas of an Anglo-American—Russian front. The belief of sentimentalists in a bellicose Japan aiming not

only at the conquest of China but of domination of both the Pacific and the Indian oceans, is founded on an entire misconception. It ignores the dangers of her insular position and her chronic economic necessities.

It is in a renewal of an Anglo-Japanese understanding or alliance that lies the best, if not the only, hope of arriving at a definite and reasonable settlement of this world-wide problem.

LANCASHIRE AND INDIA

Peaceful Picketing!

By Veritas

IN a previous article I gave reasons why Lancashire should not be duped in granting further "political concessions" to "political India." They will merely be used to complete Lancashire's economic destruction.

The following facts will perhaps prove to Lancashire how Congress used the "political concession" of so-called "peaceful picketing," in other words, the "Spirit of Swadeshi," to which Mr. Birla refers in his statement to the Lahore "Civil and Military Gazette" of Jan. 14th, and which he insinuates will be intensified unless we further surrender the situation to the Brahmin.

This is the type of bunkum and bluff that always reduced Lord Irwin to the condition of a hypnotised rabbit in front of a snake. He had no real knowledge of India, was weak in character, notoriously self-opinionated, and refused to be guided by the advice of his competent advisors.

Results proved how radically unsound his own judgment invariably was. Terrified by Gandhi with the threat of civil disobedience, a bubble which completely collapsed when properly handled, he concluded in the spring of 1931 the crowning folly of his weak administration, the famous Irwin-Gandhi pact, in practice an instrument whereby the lawless intimidated the law-abiding.

How utterly it failed is a matter of history; it reduced British prestige in India to its lowest ebb. "Gandhi dictates to the Viceroy," shrieked a triumphant Congress press in flare headlines, nor were they really very far from the truth.

DISGRACEFUL SURRENDER

The resultant "peace pact" which involved from these "inspired" conversations between Irwin and Gandhi, history must record as an agreement entered into between the Supreme representative of the Crown and a Hindu revolutionary bunia, by which the former completely tied the hands of his own Government, and actually encouraged and assisted the revolutionary activities of the latter.

It was under the terms of this disgraceful surrender, that Lord Irwin legalised, at Gandhi's express request, the practice of "peaceful picketing."

How "peaceful picketing" was carried out in practice by Gandhi's faithful followers, the Congress, I will now relate, and be it noted in passing, that this party has swept the boards in India at the recent elections. This may come as a surprise to the exponents of surrender in India who loudly proclaim that the Congress Party is now

thoroughly discredited. It will come as no surprise to anyone who really knows India.

One instance, which took place in the Bannu district of the North West Frontier Province, is typical of what was permitted by Irwin all over the country. It conclusively shows how impossible it is for an Indian to remain loyal to the British connection — and there are millions who would gladly remain so—where there is nothing left to which they can show loyalty.

On July 19th, 1931, the Deputy Commissioner and the Superintendent of Police went to Lakki, a small town in the Bannu district of the N.W.F.P. and there interviewed all the merchants of that place regarding picketing, the so-called "peaceful picketing" legalised by Irwin under the Irwin-Gandhi peace pact. The cloth merchants explained that they had given undertakings to the local Congress Committee to refrain from the sale of foreign cloth for the following reasons:

THE BOYCOTT

(a) The picketing which had been imposed in the Lakki bazaar was so strict, that any merchant who failed to sign the Congress terms was unable to sell any cloth at all, whether foreign or country-made, as pickets prevented all intending purchasers from having access to the shops.

(b) At the shop of a certain merchant who had held out against the Congress demands longer than any of the others, pickets had been placed and had brought a notice-board on which was written that unless the necessary undertaking was given, the pickets would hunger strike until the cloth merchant capitulated.

(c) Owing to lack of unity among themselves, they would not combine to resist the Congress demands, and each was afraid that the other would submit to the terms of the Congress and thereby have the advantage over his fellow.

They were unanimous in stating that should picketing be removed they would at once place orders for foreign cloth and sell it freely, as they depended entirely on the sale of cloth for their daily bread. They gave a written application to the Deputy Commissioner asking him to assist them by removing pickets and stated that they would thereupon deal in foreign cloth freely.

On the following day the president of the Lakki Congress Committee assembled all these shopkeepers and abused them and threatened them for having given this application to the D.C. It is alleged he told them that he and his family owned Lakki city, and the shopkeepers had better

go and ask the D.C. to build them a new city, for he would not tolerate them in Lakki. As a result of this threat it was alleged that the cloth merchants gave the Congress Committee president a written undertaking not to deal in foreign cloth without the permission of the Congress.

On July 20th 1931, in accordance with the orders of Government, the Deputy Commissioner sent for the Bannu Congress committee, the superintendent of Police also being present. He outlined the various reports and complaints he had received regarding breaches of the Gandhi-Irwin pact in respect of picketing, in addition to the incident in this respect in Lakki. The D.C. told the Congress committee that he had received petitions signed by 50 cloth merchants of Bannu, and all the cloth merchants of Lakki, supporting the general allegation that coercions, intimidation, obstruction, etc., were concomitant of picketing as carried on in the Bannu district.

He informed the committee that in view of these facts he was ordered by the Chief Commissioner to demand that the Congress should call off all the picketing in 24 hours, failing which an order would be issued under Section 144 Criminal Procedure Code prohibiting picketing. I would note here in passing, that Sec. 144 C.P.C. is about the one bulwark left to the police to assist them in maintaining law and order. There has been desperate agitation in the past to get it repealed.

The D.C. asked the Congress committee to inform him if they were prepared to withdraw the

picketing of their own accord by noon next day. In reply, the committee categorically denied all the allegations made against them as regards picketing and said they could produce thousands of signatures to a written statement showing that picketing was peaceful, and within the terms laid down by the pact! They requested that Government should be asked to withdraw the order, and that they should be given at least a week to state their case before any order was issued under Sec. 144 C.P.C.

The D.C. informed them that in view of the orders received from Government he could not comply with their request. He suggested that it would do no harm if they themselves suspended picketing for a week whilst they made their representation.

In reply, the secretary of the local Congress committee blurted out, "if we suspend picketing for one week CLOTH WORTH THOUSANDS OF RUPEES WILL BE IMPORTED AND SOLD, and so we cannot agree to this." By a simple calculation of arithmetic, Lancashire will be able to form a rough estimate of the loss this tomfoolery of Irwin's was costing them, when it must be borne in mind that this sort of thing was being permitted all over India. Congress committee further told the D.C. that they were unable to give any assurance that they themselves would cease picketing.

(To be continued)

Old Bob

By "Fish-hawk"

JUST where Bob lived I cannot for the life of me remember, but he seems always to have been knocking about, and small boys are not given to worrying about where people live. Later on in life I know he had a room over somebody's stable up the hill.

When we first knew him, Bob spent most of his time ghillieing for people on a near-by lock, and making quite a good thing at it, which with his pension (he was an ex-sergeant of the Gordons) made him quite comfortably off.

In winter he did some rabbit trapping and I believe some poaching too, but there's a deal of free shooting in some parts of Scotland and no one ever tried to prove where the game he sold came from.

To us boys, he was always the same, full of wisdom about birds and fish, and a great solver of difficulties, such as why it was that none of the usual flies would move a fish in the burn, or how it was that the duck were no longer using some particular flight line.

Bob was far too old to go to the war, though he volunteered on August 5th! But he did some useful work, coast watching, I believe, and was a great thorn in the side of some who were loath to do their share.

After the war he went back to his ghillieing, but money was scarce, and his earnings were lean. His health, too, was not so good, for he was over seventy by then.

At last one winter Bob contracted pneumonia and had to be removed to the infirmary, where to everyone's surprise he made an astounding recovery, but he was never the same man, and from then onwards he remained at the infirmary, though with special privileges in that they let him go fishing and such like.

One spring day Bob felt the call of the burn, and shouldering his rod, he came down the hill to try for a sea trout in the tidal pools on the golf links.

He sat down near the black bridge and produced his battered old fly book, laying it on his knee. Then I suppose he fell into a reverie as old folk will; and there it was they found him that night—his rod across his legs and fly book on knee.

Of course there was a terrible to do, and many said what an awful thing it was for an old man to die in such a way. But to us who knew and loved him, his passing was such as we knew he would have chosen, a spring evening by the burn-side, alone with his God and the beauty of the sunset.



Firemen of the next War

ONE might have thought this question has been answered in the affirmative clearly enough, but it keeps cropping up in different forms; and because various authorities continue to assert their opinions that London cannot be "wiped out," "destroyed" or "annihilated" by bombing attacks, it remains necessary to keep the other view constantly before the public.

The latest to offer an opinion against the possibility is Colonel G. R. F. Turner, former Superintendent of Design at Woolwich Arsenal, speaking in connection with the Norwood bye-election. Unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately) I did not hear this speech, but I am one of a vastly greater "audience" it reached through the public press and I therefore deal with the statements as they will have been read by a large number of people.

One line of Colonel Turner's speech is given prominence: "It is not true that London can be annihilated by gas and bomb attacks"; and further "Recently, Colonel Turner said, a writer had depicted the inhabitants of London as being slain in one night by gas and bomb attacks. 'It is fearful stuff,' he said, 'It is not true.'"

I am not sure what is meant exactly by that word "annihilated" and I admit that if we take the actual dictionary definition "to reduce to nothing; to destroy the existence of; to annul" it may be

BOM

By Bom C

true that the bricks and mortar and inhabitants of London could not be "reduced to nothing." This is poor comfort however for the score of thousands of householders whose homes would be reduced to jumbles of wreckage, and for those who would be "reduced" very painfully to corpses or cripples.

I agree, too, with the speaker that all the inhabitants of London could not be slain in one night by gas and bomb attacks; but if even a few hundred thousand could be killed in a night, it would not take many nights of attack to render London a charnel house and a place of terror from which stampeding flight would be the result.

Whatever else Col. Turner said in full, it does not alter the unfortunate fact that the speech is translated by a section of the press to such headlines as this one across half the page in a popular national newspaper—"Bombs Cannot Wipe out London. Woolwich Arsenal Expert Rebuts 'Annihilation' Scare." Only too many people will be inclined or ready to accept this as meaning that the whole talk of death and destruction being in the power of air raiders of London is no more than a "Scare" and that there is no real reason or need for stronger air defences or an increased Air Force.

Let us leave out all such extremes in meanings of words and phrases as "annihilation," "wiped out," and "all the inhabitants . . . slain in a night," and put in the coldest and least hysterical language what we know could be done in 24 hours of bombing.

It has been authoritatively stated that from official data we know an enemy air force could drop 600 tons of bombs in that time. Other authorities have said over and over again at least as many bombs could be dropped on London as were on all England during the war—that is 300 tons.

In round figures there were 30 tons dropped on London, and these caused 224 fires and destroyed or badly damaged 800 buildings. Even on the lower figure of 300 tons now to be expected we should have in one day 2,240 fires and 8,000 buildings wrecked; and on the higher

An as tor

BOMBED!

Bomb Cable

figure about 4,500 fires. It is fantastic to suppose that the Fire Brigade could begin to cope with such a holocaust, so that by fire alone London, if not "annihilated," might easily be destroyed as the seat of Government, a vital centre of rail and other communications and of military control.

Remember, too, that these simple figures of proportion take no account of the vastly increased destructive power of incendiary bombs to day, especially those containing such chemical compounds as thermite.

It has been argued very hotly by experts on both sides whether all London could be "drowned" in a layer of poison gas by 40 tons of it dropped in spray or bombs. Now we are dealing not with 40 but a possible 400 tons of poison gas much more deadly than any used in the war.

It is part of the planned system of anti-gas measures that the Fire Brigade would be employed to "de-gas" or cleanse streets and buildings by hosing and washing them down; so that they would have this work in addition to that of coping with hundreds or thousands of outbreaks of fire, and do both against all the handicap of broken or interrupted water-mains and streets blocked with debris.

In Russia one German gas attack of an hour's duration and over a six-mile front gassed 25,000 soldiers and killed 5,000 of them on the field. I grant that the Russians were not effectively protected against the attack, but this was in 1915 when the destroying power of gas and its method of distribution were both childishly crude to what both are now, and the Russians could not have been less effectively gas-masked or protected than eight million Londoners are to-day.

An enemy would have no need to "annihilate" London. It would be quite sufficient for their purpose if in a day's bombing they put down belts or circles of unquenchable blazing buildings in



Ruins of the last War

densely populated areas, damaged or destroyed even a few of the many targets of rail centres, docks, power stations and munition factories, and killed or injured by gas, fire and explosives (and possibly or probably by casualties in panic-driven crowds) a few hundred thousand men, women and children.

Since Colonel Turner's speech we have had an article by Viscount Castlerosse, "Bombs on London Will Never Win a War."

It is a little difficult to answer this article, because it is written throughout in characteristically light and humorous style, and I cannot be sure where the jocular remarks end and the serious (if any) begin.

How can I say, for example, if the following tit-bits from the article are meant to be seriously taken?—(1) "Besides which, the population (of London) would be armed with gas masks"; (2) "All this talk about Lewisite is just moonshine."

I would point out that with regard to (1) above that eight million Londoners are to be "armed" with masks—presumably the enemy, after a declaration of war, waiting until the masks are manufactured and distributed.

(2) in 1918 the Allies had decided that Lewisite was the most deadly and effective form of "gas" they could use, and it was manufactured wholesale for the campaign of 1919. The Allies' chemists apparently were merely proposing to shower benevolent Moonshine instead of Death Dew on the enemy.

An air torpedo

Swift Justice

By Dan Russell

IN the Park, hard by the great house, grew a clump of beeches. They stood upon a knoll so that they were exposed without protection to the wind and rain. It was in these beeches that the rooks had made their home for many long years. The ground beneath the trees was littered with twigs which had been dropped by the winged builders.

The rookery in early spring was a scene of ceaseless activity and prodigious clamour. The old rooks repaired and cleaned the nests of former years; strengthening them with twigs and lining them with grass and wool. The young rooks, newly-mated, built their own homes which would be occupied year after year by the same pair.

On the topmost branch of the tallest tree sat three old rooks. Their glossy plumage shone blue-black in the sunlight. Every now and then they would shake themselves with outspread wings which were scarred with the marks of gunshots.

The Law-Breaker

They sat quietly enough upon their branch, but it was evident that they were deeply excited, for they talked in low, animated caws. And all the while they watched something which was happening below them.

Twenty feet beneath the three watchers a nest was being built. The builders were a pair of young rooks. The female stayed at the nest and built it up with materials brought by her mate. It was he who had aroused the interest of the three sentries for he had broken the law of the rookery. He had stolen twigs from another nest.

Unconscious of the three pairs of eyes which watched his every movement, the thief sat upon his nest and awaited another chance. All around him was the bustle and confusion of nesting. It seemed the easiest thing in the world to hop to another nest and filch a beakful of twigs.

He spied a nest from which both the owners were absent. Cocking a beady eye about him, he observed that the others were busy with their own affairs. He spread his wings and hopped across to the deserted nest. For a moment he paused, then he stooped his head and tugged at a particularly desirable twig.

Even as he did so a loud arresting "Caw" cut through the chatter of the rookery. The thief stood as if turned to stone; he knew what it meant.

So taken aback was he by this unexpected detection that he did not think of flight. He stood upon the edge of the nest, the twig in his beak, hopping from one leg to the other in his discomfort.

And then with one accord his fellows were about him, buffeting him with their wings and crying shame and contumely upon him.

For a few moments he cowered beneath the beating; then as if realising that resistance was

useless, he launched into the air and flew off, an outcast from the rookery.

For some time he hung in the air near the beeches like a scrap of burnt paper in the sky. But no one noticed him or heeded his plaintive calling, so he went off alone.

For some days he stayed away, living solitary in the fields and spinneys. Then he judged that his time of penance had expired and he returned.

No-one took any heed of him save his mate who greeted him with flapping wings and little gurgling cries of joy.

For two days he worked hard at gathering material for his mate. He flew far afield to gather strong sticks for binding. He flew even farther to the sheep-pens to gather soft wool to line the nest. But on the third day when the nest was almost finished the old cunning came again.

He noticed a half-finished nest nearby which was nearly always deserted. He flew close and perched above it with seeming nonchalance. For some half-hour he waited, then he swooped down and took a twig from the nest.

The fourth time he stole, he flew straight to the nest as if scorning to hide his intention.

He had filched his booty and was about to carry it off when that same deep "Caw" froze him into terrified immobility.

High above him the three old watchers had kept their vigil, and for the second time he had been caught in the act of stealing.

He knew the penalty but he did not move. "Caw."

Again came that hoarse signal, and at the sound all the rooks swooped on him like sparrows mobbing an owl.

No Mercy

But this time they did more than buffet with their strong wings, they pecked and struck with their dagger-like beaks until the criminal reeled upon the bough.

Blow upon blow they struck with relentless accuracy. The victim's struggles grew feebler and his once glossy plumage was streaked with blood.

But there was no mercy for him. Those terrible beaks pecked and tore him until at last he staggered and fell.

He struck the ground like a dead-weight. His beak opened and closed and his wings fluttered. Suddenly he pushed his wings against the ground and stood upright. A stream of blood gushed from his throat, his wings gave way and he fell forward; one last convulsive flutter and he was dead.

High above his body the life of the rookery went on as busily as ever. But one female rook sat upon the edge of a nearly completed nest and mourned in little hoarse notes for her mate who had suffered the justice of the rookery.

Flat Racing Prospects

By David Learmonth

THE Lincoln, that event of over-rated importance, is over and done with and the flat racing is launched upon what we all hope will be eight months of prosperity unexampled since the depression. Even racecourse executives, usually more difficult to please than farmers and almost invariably prophets of gloom, think that the Jubilee spirit, to say nothing of the expected influx of visitors, will be reflected by greatly increased takings.

In this view they have been encouraged by the results during the National Hunt season where all, or nearly all, clerks of the courses have reported receipts better than at corresponding meetings last year.

Another encouraging feature is the improved figures shown by the "tote" and it looks as if, at long last, owners and breeders may be in sight of some tangible assistance from this source in the form of bonuses to the former and added stake money.

To revert to the Lincoln, however, I wish something could be done to raise it from the mediocrity into which it has sunk and remained for a number of years. One cannot help having the feeling that its importance does not justify the large volume of ante-post betting and that, but for the doubles coupled with the Grand National and the fact that it is the first handicap of the season to which the term "big" could possibly be applied, ante-post interest would have evaporated long ago.

A Hint to Bookmakers

Yet it is difficult to see how the executive can be blamed in any way. The fact is that enough people do not patronise the Carholme to make possible the offering of a more substantial prize, and it must be admitted that the remainder of the racing there has become more interesting than it was two or three years ago.

This year, probably owing to the presence of Golden Miller in the Grand National, there has been an unprecedented amount of ante-post betting on the Spring Double, judging by the standard of modern times, though it is doubtful if there has been anything like the weight of big money there used to be in the olden days. On the other hand, ante-post betting as a whole does not compare in volume with times gone by.

In the first place, there are fewer races upon which business is done before the day, and this raises the interesting question as to why bookmakers do not attempt to make an ante-post market on more events. It is only a suggestion on my part; but I should have thought it would have been to their advantage.

One or two of the new races in honour of the Jubilee, such as the Silver Jubilee handicap, would be very suitable for this experiment and it will be interesting to see whether any move is made in

the matter. It would seem, however, that in this respect we are ruled by custom.

I have often wondered why there is not more mixed racing in England, which has less than any other country in the world. Liverpool is the only course to present it, though, for some unaccountable reason, there used to be a National Hunt Flat Race under Jockey Club rules at the first Warwick meeting of the season, which was only discontinued a few years ago.

This was a pointless event, for it provided no different fare for the spectators. But I can see no reason why courses of the "park" description and some others should not include a jumping event or two, at any rate from the beginning of the Flat Racing season until the end of May and from September onwards. I feel sure a large section of the public would appreciate this variety in the programme.

After all, steeplechasing takes place in the height of summer in France, where the climate is hotter than it is here. The question of going is only a matter of watering the course adequately.

Over-watered Courses

While on this subject, I very earnestly hope that this watering of courses will be done with more care than in the past. Last season we were faced with the disturbing fact that certain courses had over-watered the side nearest the rails and had not watered the other side to anything like the same extent. The result was that the side nearest the rails become actually boggy, and jockeys found themselves at a disadvantage when going the shortest way, while, on a straight course, the draw gave certain numbers an unfair pull over others, owing to the fact that these horses could stride along on the top of the ground while the others were ploughing through heavy going.

One feature which is encouraging is the fact that more trainers are getting their charges ready early. This, indeed, has been an increasing tendency during the past few years. It means that we shall see fewer unfit and unfancied animals running during the early part of the season, which should make for much keener sport, though the finding of winners may be more difficult.

There seem some lack of uniformity here between the action of the National Hunt Stewards, who refused to allow horses to be run for a school in public this season, and the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who have not made any pronouncement about unfit horses. Personally I think the Jockey Club are wise in remaining silent. There are some horses which one simply cannot get fit at home.

I have left little space for the big Steeplechase. I think *Golden Miller* will probably win it; but *Thomond II* at double the price seems certainly the better bet. Of the rest I prefer *Tapinois* and *Reynoldstown*.

CORRESPONDENCE

This Contemptible Government

[From COLONEL SIR THEODORE BRINCKMAN, BART, C.B.]

SIR,—The deplorable incompetence of the so-called National Government ought to be obvious to all, and as long as we have such contemptible men as Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin at the head of affairs, nothing will be done.

They have let down our defences disgracefully. Why make alliances with foreign Powers? What does France want but to make us help them, and they hate us more than the Germans do.

At least Germany has a man at its head who has his country's defence at heart. And a strong man.

We have no strong man but a lot of imbeciles who are doing their best to ruin this country and with their Pacifist and Socialist friends have brought this country to the level of a small State, the contempt of every other country.

THEODORE BRINCKMAN.

68, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1.

The Betrayal of Conservatism

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

How much longer will the Conservative party allow themselves to be led by a snake?

Why not shake off the viper as St. Paul did in the Island of Melita, before it kills them, and they find themselves sold body and soul to the Socialists?

Fight, Conservatives, fight for the right!

Bucks.

A DIEHARD.

A Reply to Lady Houston

MADAM,—You have called the electors "mealy-mouthed." This must have been in the heat of the moment: a better word would have been indolent, or perhaps inarticulate.

The average voter has no means at present of making himself heard, although he may be keenly patriotic. He looks for a lead from the daily paper he buys and gets fooled, as in the case of the Norwood election, where even the big drums were silenced at the order from above.

Being cross-tracked, the patriotic voter therefore hedged, i.e., he did not go to the poll at all, but will await his time at the General Election when he hopes every seat will be contested by a patriot for whom he will vote, and not for any party man.

You, Madam, could help our country greatly by arranging the publication of a daily paper which would voice the views of this great body of public opinion, at present speechless and disunited.

Float such a company with a million shares and ask us each to subscribe for, anyway, one £1 share.

Give us a paper fit to read, such as your weekly is, and you would lose nothing, but help to win the next election for sound common-sense.

Let the motto be "What we have we hold." We will be as strong as any; we will make war on none. But woe betide any who attack us!

"MEALY-MOUTH."

The Crown and India

SIR,—In 1858, after the Indian Mutiny, the government of India was transferred from the East India Company "directly under the British Crown," with a Viceroy in India, and the famous pledge of Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria as to how she proposed to govern the people of India was published.

The proposed Reforms will be the undoing of the above. Can you or any of your readers state if His Majesty our present King has approved of these Reforms?

"PATRIOT."

The Shame of It

MADAM,—You are a great Patriot: I was a Patriot, too, in 1914 when, as a young engineer with a jolly good job abroad, I gave it up and enlisted to fight for Britain.

In time I commanded a battalion, I became entitled to two wound stripes, many chevrons, and twice I was

commanded to Buckingham Palace in order that His Majesty the King might honour me with a Distinguished Service Order and a Military Cross. Of foreign decorations I have my share.

The only commands I get these days are commands from the Jewish landlord of my Bloomsbury room, to hand over the rent or move out. He is no respecter of the D.S.O. or M.C.'s.

In six years I have had eight months' work; the rest of the time has been spent looking for it and wondering how long my war-shattered nerves would hold out.

I am still physically fit for another war. Is it seriously suggested that if Britain went to war again I should once more plunge into it, wallow in mud and filth for years on end and return to the more dreadful misery of such post-war years as I have known? Am I to be branded as a coward if I don't?

Where is the security and the job that was promised to me and other deluded men like myself?

Therefore why fight? It means misery and degradation, anyhow (at least for the front line men). Would it not be more courageous of me, if war came, to go out into the highways and byways of the land and preach this to the people: "Look at me, a bemedalled, bedraggled, bewildered hero of the last war" and "Look at Ramsay MacDonald, take a leaf from his book, don't fight, it pays to be a Pacifist"?

Madam, I know that you will not treat my letter as *The Times* treated your letter. Let mine see the light of day in the *Saturday Review*. I do not think that such an appeal is necessary, for only the most violent Communists would deny you the possession of the virtues of great courage and high principles.—Yours faithfully,

EX-PATRIOT.

Wake Up, Great Britain

SIR,—In these days when you are doing so much to stir up the so-called "National Government" to its duty, might I suggest that you print the enclosed verse from the patriotic song, "Wake up, England!" (by Norman Wighton, music by John Bull), which was used once before to arouse patriotism and seems to me to be very applicable at the present moment.

WAKE UP, ENGLAND I

Bestir ye men of England! Hold firm with heart and hand.

By might and right for aye defend your home, your Motherland.

Stand by the soil that bred you, still prosper and increase,

Prepared for war, you best can be the guarantors of Peace!

Wake up! Wake up! England,

There's work that must be done.

Wake up! Wake up! England,

Let ev'ry mother's son

Stand by the land that bred him,

Stand ever firm and true,

Reform your blunders ere you fail,

Or Foes will pull the Lion's tail.

So wake up! Now or never!

Wake up! Wake up! England!

NAVAL OFFICER'S WIFE.

Hard on the Family

SIR,—May I crave space to ask, is there no protection for the family of a man detained as a mental case (on the instructions of his father, a doctor) and discharged—after 14 years' detention, as "fit to manage his own affairs"?

In consequence, there is no trace of his capital amounting to £20,000.

To provide himself with cash, he has obtained the surrender value of the subscriptions of 36 years to the Military Pension Fund, intended to make provision for his widow.

VICTIM.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Tribute from an Ex-M.P.

SIR,—I am already a subscriber to the *Saturday Review*. I get it every week.

It is just what is wanted in the way of keeping Empire before the public.

After 17 years in Parliament I have lost all faith in it. Success to the *Saturday Review*! R. AMBROSE.
The Mount, Shoot-up-Hill, N.W.2.

Protection with Both Hands

SIR,—They tell us that owing to the conversion of our coal-burning craft to oil, we have not the supply of oil-fuel available at present to run both the ships to bring our food and our Navy to protect them on the way; one or the other must fail, therefore we shall starve if war comes.

Travel from North to South, East to West, of our island-home, and see the expanse of land either lying waste, undrained, or simply pasture.

This should be made to produce more food. When the corn is harvested it should go into stack; when sold the receipt duplicate should be taken to the post office which would pay thereon a subsidy per month (up to 12) that it had been in stack.

The farmer would gain most by keeping it the whole 12 months. The country would benefit by having 12 months' crop always in hand—dotted about the land, not locked up in silos at the ports for enemy planes to bomb.

This subsidy could be found by a tax on foreign corn-flour and offals. The local milling industry would revive and much prosperity brought to the industrial areas by supplying the requirements of the enlarged rural population engaged in producing this and the rearing of poultry and stock on the offals from the mills.

A. J. VELLACOTT.

10, Montdene Court, Folkestone, Kent.

The Delayed Legion Enquiry

SIR,—I read in the *Saturday Review* of the 16th inst. that "Searchlight" invites Mr. J. C. Guy, as the Legal Assessor of the Court of Enquiry, to explain why the Enquiry has not been held.

If Mr. Guy cannot see his way to oblige, there are at least a dozen others who might be called upon for an explanation.

The nine representatives from the Area Councils will no doubt know what is wrong. And what about the Chairman of the Court, the Earl of Airlie?

Then again, there is Colonel Blair, the honorary legal adviser to the Council in this matter (whose firm, funnily enough, drew up the agreement that led to the demand for an enquiry!), and also Mr. John Hendry, the clerk of Court.

Failing these, why should Mr. C. F. Pennington, who has prepared the case for the Legion and holds all the documents, not be asked to come boldly forward with a statement, which will let us know exactly who is responsible for the delay, which is making the Legion the laughing-stock of the country. LEGIONNAIRE.

Glasgow.

The Scotsmen's Reply

SIR,—The *Saturday Review's* campaign for a better Legion is already beginning to bear fruit. The formation of the Disabled and Ex-Service Men's Association of Scotland, with headquarters at Dunfermline, is the Scotsmen's reply to the tacit admission of the Legion's executive that they are afraid to hold the enquiry they themselves agreed was necessary.

Although it is a great pity that the Legion should have been so badly let down by a few officials, as the membership of that body in Scotland is still a long way short of 15,000, there is every reason to hope that the new Association will soon have a much more representative following and will thus be able to style itself what it aspires to become, viz., the real organisation of the ex-Service men of Scotland.

More power to the Association's elbow. And hats off to Lady Houston for her defence of the rights of the men that saved the country.—Yours faithfully,

Dunfermline.

FIFER.

Canadian Loyalists

SIR,—I should like to thank Mr. Glover for having written, and the *Saturday Review* having had the courage to print, that admirable article on "Canada's Great Example," in the number for March 16th.

The myth of the tyrannical Home Government, and the revolt of the noble Colonists, struggling for freedom and right, has taken root so deeply, and spread so widely, that perhaps it can never now be extirpated. But it is pleasant to have the truth for once, just as a change.

Heartiest congratulations.

WINIFRED ROBERTS.

Orleigh, Ipplepen, Newton Abbot.

Encouragement to British Music

SIR,—Mr. Herbert Hughes at the end of his interesting article, "A Propagandist Abroad," in your issue of March 9th, which is based on a recent article of mine in *The Author*, after describing the success of Mr. Graham Carritt's tour in Scandinavia, says: "Let Dr. Gibbs take heart."

Indeed I do, and I am sure thousands of British music lovers have done so, too. One can only hope his success will tempt Mr. Carritt to go on with the good work in other European countries. C. ARMSTRONG GIBBS.

The Oldest Flower

SIR,—The other day you were kind enough to publish an inquiry from me about the earliest flower known to man, and I feel that your readers will be interested in the replies which I have received.

There are four claimants. Most of my correspondents favour the lotus, "a species of water lily," as one of them explains; another reminds us that the lotus has been found in old tombs dating back to 6,000 B.C., so there is much to be said for its being older than the crocus, which the cigarette makers (with their silk-woven flowers instead of cigarette cards) state is referred to in the Song of Solomon as saffron. Solomon was born (970 B.C.) at least 5,000 years later than that earlier record of the lotus.

Two interesting claims are the dandelion and the snow-drop. There is evidence, we are told, of the dandelion's existence among the contents of Coal Measures, and a Warwickshire lady offers a pretty legend which would date the snowdrop back to Adam and Eve. According to "Biblical script," she writes, a snowflake fell into the Garden of Eden and a number of snowdrops sprang up from the spot into which it sank. I should like to know more about the "script" referred to; and the suggestion of snow in Paradise will be novel to many.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

22a, Carlton Vale, Maida Vale, N.W.6.

The New Speed Limit

SIR,—It is astonishing that there are some that cannot see the very great good the new 30-miles-an-hour speed limit will do in built-up areas.

It is very good news that the authorities are going to enforce the penalty on all offending motorists.

There are many that do not like what they call "Police Spies" disguised, in order to trap motorists who knowingly and meaningfully exceed the speed limit. If motorists would not attempt to exceed the speed limit, there would be nothing to fear; it is only those who will be stopped for travelling 50 and 60 miles an hour that do not like this new limit.

Plain clothes officers are the only means to catch motorists that exceed the speed limit. The logical conclusion is, that if officers in uniform were used, motorists would not attempt to exceed the speed limit in their sight; but when out of sight they would be up to their old game of speeding.

The plan of patrolling the streets in cars travelling at 30 miles an hour, with officers in plain clothes, is a splendid idea, as they will know at once if any car passes them it is exceeding the limit.

JAMES M. K. LUPTON.

Richmond, Surrey.

New Books I can Recommend

By the LITERARY CRITIC

MR. GEORGE MITCHELL is a well-known personality in Quebec.

Mr. Angus Graham in "The Golden Grindstone" has elected to tell us of one particular period of Mr. George Mitchell's long and interesting life—the time when he became infected with the gold rush fever of the 'nineties and set forth to find his way to Klondike by what was then a partially unexplored route.

When Mr. Mitchell had surmounted most of the difficulties of the march he had the misfortune to incur a serious injury to his knee and he had to part from his white companions and live with a tribe of Red Indians.

His life was not infrequently in danger owing to the enmity of one particular Red Indian, called Amos, and on one occasion it looked as if practically the whole tribe had made up their minds that he must die. He saved himself by demanding an assembly of the tribe and eloquently expatiating on the dire consequences to the tribe if Queen Victoria heard that Chief Mitchell was missing and sent her redcoats to make enquiries.

"You will say that he died . . . that he fell over a precipice . . . that he was lost in a blizzard . . . that he was never with you at all. But that sort of talk won't satisfy Queen Victoria's officers. They will never let you go until they know the truth. You may sink into the ground; they'll dig you out as a bear digs out gophers. You may dive into the water; they'll follow you as an otter dives after salmon. You may hide in the woods; they'll chase you as a fox chases a hare. You may run out to the open barrens; they'll ring you round and round like grey wolves ringing caribou. . . . Only the wolverines and ravens will be fat and laughing when the redcoats march away."

Nature's Little Jokes

Maurice Maeterlinck makes of natural history a fascinating pastime. His latest subjects are the water spider and pigeons. What possible charm, one is at first tempted to ask, can he find in the study of *argyroneta aquatica*? Spiders to most of us are noxious insects, and the water spider is only a largish specimen of an unpleasant species. But under M. Maeterlinck's magic guidance we forget all our dislikes and stand in awe and admiration contemplating an insect which has triumphed over one of Nature's most cruel little jests.

The water spider must breathe, and its food lies entirely under water. Thus "caught between two deaths (from asphyxia or from starvation) the spider would seem to have invented an appliance which was never conceived by man until the age of Aristotle, namely, the diving-bell or water-tight caisson."

All about Flying

There are few men as qualified to instruct the youth of the nation about flying as Captain Norman Macmillan, and his little book "The Romance of Flight" is an admirable one for stimulating intelligent interest in aeronautics.

The Spirit of London

A Batsford book is always a delight because of the excellence of its illustrations, and assuredly the 140 odd photographs which adorn the London volume just issued by this publishing firm will help to illustrate the spirit of the great city as revealed by one who loved it, who knew it so intimately and who yet found it a "Sphinx continually changing its features and expression"—the late Paul Cohen-Portheim.

"The Ten Million" is a collection of American newspaper sketches in O. Henryesque manner. "Odd Jobs" gives us a series of vividly-drawn portraits of individuals engaged in unusual occupations.

THE NOVELS

"Landtakers" (apparently in part authentic biography) is a grim and powerful story of early days in Australia. "Everything is Thunder" is a gripping tale of a British prisoner of war's escape from Germany. "The Lark Legacy" is by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs and the Cabbage Patch" and, as might be expected, is a most amusing book.

"Room 14" is an exciting Secret Service yarn, while "Kidnap Island" will appeal to those who are not too insistent upon probabilities in their thrillers.

Children of ten to twelve should enjoy reading the adventures of the Mexican children, "Juan and Juanita."

Exploration: "The Golden Grindstone," the adventures of George M. Mitchell recorded by Angus Graham (Chatto and Windus, illustrations and maps, 10s. 6d.).

Science: "Science: A New Outline," by J. W. N. Sullivan (Nelson and Sons, illustrated, 5s.).

Flying: "The Romance of Flight," by Norman Macmillan (Evans, 2s.).

Natural History: "Pigeons and Spiders," by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Bernard Miall (Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d.).

General: "The Spirit of London," by Paul Cohen-Portheim (Batsford, illustrated with over 140 photographs); "Odd Jobs," by Pearl Binder (Harrap, with lithographs and drawings, 8s. 6d.); "The Ten Million," by Mark Hellinger (Lane the Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.); "The Technique of Modern Singing," by Joyce Herman Allen (Pitman, 5s.).

Novels: "Landtakers," by Brian Penton (Cassell 8s. 6d.); "Everything is Thunder," by J. L. Hardy (Lane the Bodley Head); "The Lark Legacy," by Alice Hegan Rice (Hodder and Stoughton); "Khartoum Tragedy," by Marcus Maclaren (Lovat Dickson); "Aletta Laird," by Barbara Webb (Skeffington); "The Green Years," by Mary Kelaher (Nelson).

Reprints

"The End of the Chapter," by John Galsworthy (a Trilogy including "Maid in Waiting," "Flowering Wilderness" and "Over the River") with foreword by Mrs. Galsworthy (Heinemann); "Jennie Gerhardt," by Theodore Dreiser (Constable, 3s. 6d.).

Adventure, Crime and Mystery

"Room 14," by Michael Annesley (Harrap); "Kidnap Island," by Roy Vickers (Newnes); "The Extraordinary Case of Mr. Bell," by Wallace Jackson (Sampson Low); "The Ginger Cat Mystery," by Robin Forsythe (Lane the Bodley Head).

Wild West Tales: "Wild Blood," by Robert Crane, and "Hostile Plains," by Jack Scott (both Newnes).

All the novels, except when otherwise stated, 7s. 6d.

Children's Book: "Juan and Juanita," by Frances Courtenay Baylor (Burns Oates, 5s.).

ART IN THE SALEROOMS

HISTORIC WINE GLASSES

By James A. Kilpatrick

THERE are connoisseurs of drinking glasses just as there are connoisseurs of wines, and to the collector old English glass also has its rare "vintage" years. In the 17th and 18th centuries it was the custom to commemorate outstanding events by engraved and inscribed goblets and wine-glasses, and the Jacobites were evidently a convivial race, judging by the extent to which they drank to "The King over the Water" out of commemorative glasses.

These richly engraved Stuart relics belong to the rare "vintage" of old English drinking-glasses, and are highly prized by collectors. Quite recently the Grant Francis collection sold at Christie's for over £4,000, and now that of the late Joseph Bles has come into the same saleroom. His was a ripe harvest of historical glasses.

Take the Royal Oak Goblet, for example. This is the elaborate glass made at the Duke of Buckingham's glasshouse at Greenwich to celebrate the marriage of Charles II. to Katherine of Braganza. It was a gift from the King himself to his friend Rouse. The Royal portrait is engraved on it with the celebrated Boscobel oak, the King's arms, and the date 1663. It has the bulb-like baluster stem common in Jacobite designs, and devised presumably to give the holder, when in his cups, a firmer grip of his glass.

Another rarity is the Audentior Ibo glass used by Prince Charles Edward, the "Young Pretender," at the banquet given to him by the ladies of Edinburgh in 1745. The Revirescit Goblet and the Cater Glass are also Stuart relics of historic interest, and there is one example of the disguised Jacobite glass in which the rose and oak leaves are intertwined with the vine.

Goblet of Victory

But the Stuarts did not have a monopoly of commemorative drinking-glasses. In the Bles collection there is one very large goblet inscribed: "To the Glorious and Immortal Memory of King William," evidently about 1690; a wine glass to celebrate the Duke of Cumberland's triumph over the Jacobites in the 'Forty-Five; a portrait glass in memory of Dean Swift, and a goblet in honour of Hawke's victory over the French Fleet in Quiberon Bay, 1759.

Stuart relics are taking a conspicuous place in the salerooms just now. At Sotheby's there is awaiting sale a considerable collection of letters, documents, and other MSS. of the Stuart kings and princes from James I down to "Bonnie Prince Charlie." There are over fifty Jacobite papers relating to the Rebellion of 1715. One of the letters of James II is addressed to Mr. Pepys. A document of rare interest is an inventory of the Crown Jewels of Mary Queen of Scots which she put into the hands of Charles IX of France on the death of her husband François II.

MUSIC NOTES

AN UNPLEASANT OPERA

By Herbert Hughes

IT is a curious reflection on public taste for generations past that the most famous operas have been (generally speaking) either very jolly entertainments or very nasty ones. On the one hand you have such gay things as *Figaro*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Serva Padrona*, and *Così fan Tutte*, for example, and on the other hand such unpleasant masterpieces as *Tosca*, *Carmen*, *Rigoletto*, *Pagliacci*, and *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Even Gounod's melodious *Faust* is more than a little sticky. There are a good many exceptions, of course; high romance and chivalry have made their appeal; but the general truth is that composers, knowing their public, have cashed-in on laughter or tears, comic intrigue or bloodshed.

Dual Tragedies

Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*, brilliantly treated as it was, has hardly been approached for squalor. *Lulu*, his new opera, as yet unperformed, would seem to go a step further in pathological exploration. This is based on Wedekind's dual tragedies, "The Earth Spirit" and "Pandora's Box," *Lulu* being the "eternally sought and misunderstood woman . . . who destroyed all because she was destroyed by all; the mistress of love who gathered around her every type of manhood."

In the opera she makes a hectic beginning as wife of Schön, a newspaper magnate, with whom she is quarrelling; after a scene of passionate mutual recrimination she murders him. She goes to gaol, and on coming out is "caught up into the hideous, merciless existence of the irreclaimably vicious." We are asked to believe that there is a perpetual conflict between the spiritual and the animal in *Lulu*, between "the divine and the demonic." But *Lulu* goes on her way, in Paris and in London, feverish and reckless, until at last she is killed by the worst of a rotten lot of lovers who is known as Jack. Operatic literature can show us some pretty sanguinary plots, but I doubt if there exists any work more fundamentally sordid and depressing than this.

At Queen's Hall last week Dr. Adrian Boult and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra gave us an opportunity to hear a number of symphonic excerpts—I don't know why they were called symphonic—from the new opera, and these were undoubtedly interesting. Whether one "likes" his music or not it has to be admitted that Berg's is one of the subtlest musical minds in Europe.

The first excerpt portrayed *Lulu* herself; the second was entitled "Film Music," written to accompany a film representation in the second act of certain incidents connecting Wedekind's two tragedies; the third was *Lulu*'s challenging song (admirably sung by Miss May Blyth); the fourth gave us *Lulu* seeking refuge in eternity from a world of scoundrels; and the last was the music to which "Pandora destroys the other main tragic figures of the drama and finally destroys herself." Here is a treat in store for us.

BROADCASTING**HOW THE EXPERTS SQUANDER
YOUR MONEY**

By Alan Howland

THE consistent mediocrity of the B.B.C. programmes is one of those phenomena which have been puzzling listeners for years. It is not sufficient to say that the vast majority of the staff at Broadcasting House are themselves mediocrities, for even the lowest type of human intelligence has occasional flashes of brilliance. Nor does the fact that so many of the programme builders are amateurs, and incompetent amateurs at that, offer a complete explanation, since the most bungling tyro can occasionally succeed in doing something right by accident. Mediocrities and amateurs they are, but that is not all.

Hundreds Wasted

One of the main reasons why programmes are bad is that the programme financial experts have no idea how to get value for money. They will squander hundreds of pounds on an item which will not be heard by one listener in ten thousand and at the same time they will deluge the ether with sopranos, baritones, *soi-disant* comedians, all at twopence ha'penny a time and not one of whom would be asked or even allowed to perform at a village jumble sale.

Nowhere is this more noticeable than in the Dramatic Department which, with the Children's Hour, has to frame its policy in accordance with the rules laid down by the copyright experts. An author, when selling his play to the B.B.C., disposes of the "Broadcasting rights" for a lump sum. This means that, if his play is liked by the public, the B.B.C. may present it on any or every wave-length at its disposal every day until the last syllable of recorded time. The author receives not one penny piece more than the original lump sum. The actors are paid full salary—such as it is—for each repeat performance, the orchestra is paid every time it sits down to play, any songs or other music included in the production are paid for through the relevant Society, but the author goes without.

No Encouragement

It follows inevitably that it does not pay an author to write one good play—which may take him three months—when he can write three mediocre ones in the same time and receive three fees; in fact he would be a fool if he did not take the latter course.

It should be obvious to anybody, but a B.B.C. pundit that the standard of radio drama is bound to improve if an author knows that a good play is likely to be repeated and that each repetition will bring him in a percentage of his original fee. As it is he does not care whether his play is good or bad, and neither does the B.B.C.

MOTORING**SPEED LIMIT MUDDLES**

By Sefton Cummings

CONSIDERING that the thirty miles per hour limit in built-up areas was decided upon during the term of office of the present Minister of Transport's predecessor, one would have thought that the authorities would have had plenty of time to put up the necessary signs.

But apparently officialdom, doubtless anxious to show that it moves slowly if not surely, has been faced with a task quite beyond its powers. Anyhow the situation more than a week after the enforcement of this pin-pricking legislation was chaotic. I have no doubt that is still is.

Complaints have come from all quarters about the erratic way in which the warning notices have been erected. One is that on an important main artery no notices announcing the termination of the limit have been put up in many places, thus causing motorists to drive nearly all the way to Brighton at under thirty miles an hour.

The fact is, as I pointed out last week, we motorists in England put up too easily with ridiculous laws which the authorities make even more irksome by neglecting to provide the machinery which might simplify them.

Police Pranks

Nor are the tales of *agent provocateur* policemen in disguised motor cars, who accelerate gradually when another motorist tries to pass them in an effort to force him to break the law, any less disturbing.

Such action on the part of a layman would be rightly condemned as exceedingly dangerous. In fact such a prank might easily come under the heading of dangerous driving and, therefore, be an indictable offence. I should like to see a prosecution brought against any police car found to be behaving in this way.

Meanwhile the police seem to neglect other parts of their duties. A visit to the Belisha crossing between the tram stop on the Embankment and the Charing Cross Underground station would quickly convince them that the man who put his trust in a beacon at this point would be foolhardy indeed.

I cross the road here every morning and the fact that I am still alive I attribute entirely to my own vigilance. Only once did I venture to test the efficacy of this new-fangled protection and then discreetly stepped off the pavement with the nearest oncoming vehicle little closer than I would consider safe had there been no pedestrian crossing. I will content myself by saying that I had to be very nimble indeed.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981

LAST WEEK

"MASKERADE" (A)

with Paula Wessely and "CHARLEMAGNE" (A)

No Evening Performance April 5th.

Commencing April 5th, Vlokl Baum's

"LAC AUX DAMES" (A)

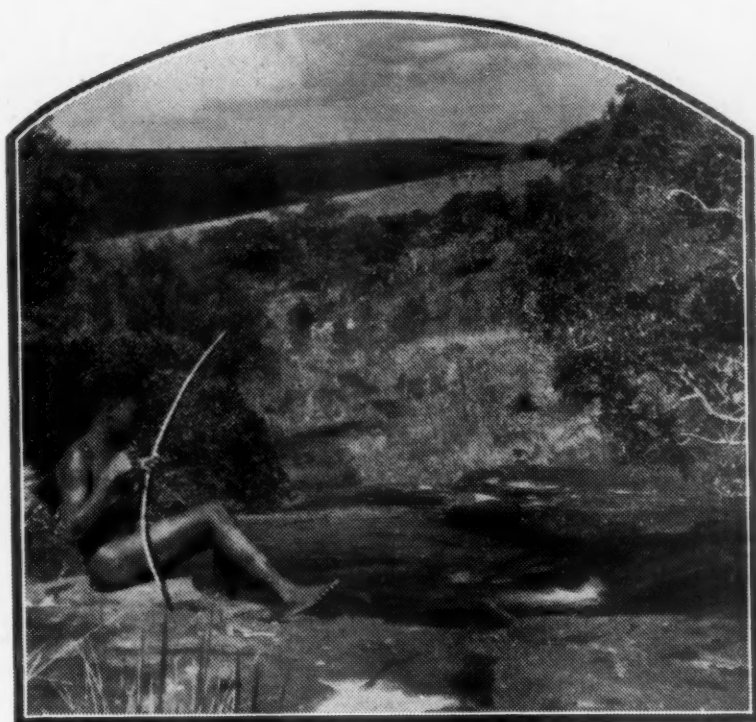
Royal Ambassador Returns

BRINGING back with him trunk-loads of mementos from the hundreds of towns, villages and hamlets of the Empire which he has visited during his five months tour as Royal Ambassador, the Duke of Gloucester arrived in England on Thursday.

In Ceylon, where he returned the hereditary throne of the Kandyans as a gift from the King, Australia, where he took part in the Victoria celebrations, New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Jamaica, the Bahamas and Bermuda—everywhere he went, the Duke was given a wonderful welcome.

"His great personal attraction and kindness gained him a triumph of popularity," said one paper. "The enthusiasm his visits created was expressed everywhere by enormous crowds which lined the route of the Royal car."

In Melbourne, the Duke's popularity, coupled with the big increase in



Gold-prospecting holiday scene

EMPIRE

population of that town, won for him the warmest welcome on record, and resulted in unparalleled scenes of excitement.

The restoration of the ancient, ornate Throne of the Kandyans at Ceylon was the high-spot of the tour. It was looked upon by the natives as a personal gift from the King through his son, and the fact that it was included among the luggage taken on board in England under the Duke's personal supervision was appreciated.

Like the Prince of Wales, the Duke is an ardent photographer, and has made a complete cinematograph film of his experiences. One day, I learn, the public may be privileged to see the film. It will be recalled that the Prince of Wales has allowed charities to benefit from display of cinematograph films he has taken.

The Duke is now to have a rest before he resumes his duties.

WEEK BY

Prospecting in Paradise

By "Tourist."

THIS is a brief outline of a holiday tour containing a real new kick.

First, a restful voyage over warm and kindly seas. Next, a comfortable train journey while watching panoramas of mountain and plain with occasional peeps at towns that are steeped in history and romance. Then, just as the Kalahari desert threatened to become tedious, the picture changed and we entered the high-veld of Southern Rhodesia.

In less than 48 hours after leaving Cape Town we were at Bulawayo—40 years ago the capital of Lobengula, King of the Matabele.

We spent two days in preparing our little expedition, including the hire of a car. We visited the Department of Mines and took out a pros-

WEEK

pecting license. This costs £1 and gives one the right to search any uncultivated land for minerals and to peg a block of 10 gold-reef claims, or a larger patch in the case of "base metals."

We engaged a couple of natives, one of whom spoke English, knew the area we had decided upon and had accompanied other prospecting expeditions. The other was a "picanin," a little chap whose duties were omnifarious and clothing infinitesimal. Cheery souls these, though their combined wages seemed so ridiculously small.

Then, at daybreak, we were off. Our faded, but efficient, car was stuffed to capacity. The "boys," our baggage, guns and fishing rods in the back, our blankets, picks, pots and pans lashed around outside.

The sky was cloudless and the cool air like champagne. For the first 100 miles the road ran N.E. and parallel with the railway to Salisbury. We sped past widely scattered farms, ranches, mines and a few small town-

EMPIRE DIARY

Apr. 1—Mr. Eric Rice at the Overseas Club entertains men visitors from overseas to a tea and cocktail party. Guest of honour: Sir Stephen Tallents.

Apr. 3—At Grosvenor House at 7 p.m. Banquet in honour of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester on his return from Australia, New Zealand and the West Indies under the joint auspices of the combined Empire societies.

Apr. 9—R.E. Society entertains the High Commissioner

for Southern Rhodesia (Mr. S. M. Lanigan O'Keeffe) to luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel. Mr. O'Keeffe will speak on "Some problems of Southern Rhodesia."

Apr. 1-17—At 10.15 a.m. and 2.15 p.m., the Imperial Institute Cinema, "Short talks to Schools"—Canada (1st, 2nd, 3rd April); Australia (4th and 5th); New Zealand (8th, 9th and 10th); Union of S. Africa (11th and 12th); India (15th, 16th and 17th).

ships. No alkali deserts here, no frozen fastnesses or baking arid wastes; nothing to make the miner "dream of home."

Everywhere trees, open grass land, or picturesque kopjes. Always beauty and variety.

That first night's "outspan" by the river! The space, the solitude, the myriad stars, the silence and the strange mysterious sounds.

We slept dreamlessly and woke at sunrise. On again and our prospecting began. We hired a couple of pack donkeys at a native kraal, leaving the car at our base camp and walked into the trackless wilds. We fossicked for gold ore, we fished in

the next hundred years, St. Helena was occupied for a short time by the Dutch, but they had left by the middle of the next century, and the island was appropriated by the British East India Company, who in 1678 were declared "the true and absolute lords and proprietors" of the island. It remained in their hands till 1834, and then became vested in the Crown.

During the 18th and greater part of the 19th century St. Helena prospered.

Vessels homeward bound from the East stopped there regularly to refuel and take in supplies of food.



Jamestown, Capital of St. Helena

exquisitely beautiful streams, we shot buck for the pot. We heard the baboons barking in the wooded hills and at night the cough of the leopard. Once we met an old prospector—the real thing—and listened to his stories in the light of the camp fire.

Did we strike gold? What did it matter? We did peg a place to which we shall return, next July, to open up a bit. It was my wife who spotted it, the samples show a distinct "tail" in the pan. Thousands of new claims are pegged each year in this vast country, some of them worth more than the bank at Monte Carlo. Who knows?

Empire Outposts—VI.

St. Helena

By Mary Edmonds

THE conqueror of half Europe, an ex-Sultan of Zanzibar, delinquent Zulu chiefs and thousands of Boer prisoners have been detained on the island of St. Helena, within the last hundred and twenty years, and it is just a century ago that the last of the negro slaves, employed on the plantations of wealthy merchants and officials, were given their liberty.

Discovered by a Portuguese in 1502, and visited only rarely during

Since the opening of the Suez Canal, fewer ships have passed St. Helena, and with the invention of more rapid transport there has been less need for revictualling. The islanders have therefore been deprived of one of their principal means of subsistence.

In 1815 Napoleon surrendered himself to Great Britain, and St. Helena was chosen for his captivity. He was housed at Longwood, a collection of huts which had been built as a cattle shed. Here he lived in two small rooms, relics of his former glory emerging bravely from the general squalor. Dinner was served with great state, on gold and silver plate, and attended by French servants in liveries of green and gold. To the end, Napoleon received from his little court the honour due to his greatness.

Some of his conversations in regard to England's foreign and Imperial policies at this time are particularly pertinent to the Government's present attitude to India.

He could not understand why the British had derived so little benefit from their long struggle and their victory.

"Probably for a thousand years such another opportunity of aggrandising England will not occur. In the

position of affairs nothing could have been refused to you."

What would Napoleon say to-day?

Hertzog—Pirow—Hitler

By "B.S."

Capetown, March.

SHORTLY after Hitler became Chancellor, Hertzog made the public declaration at Potchefstroom that the rest of the world had much to learn from the Nazis. Not long after, Pirow paid a visit to Germany where he was very much fêted.

The Union flag was flown over the hotel where he stayed, and he had a long and gratifying interview with the Chancellor. On returning to South Africa, he refused to speak on Germany—the democratic glance of Smuts may have acted as a deterrent—but the irrepressible Pirow could not check his enthusiasm. Taking shelter behind the Premier, he informed the Press that he entirely associated himself with the Potchefstroom remarks.

Much water has since flowed under the bridges, and the above appraisals of Nazism are only resurrected because they go far to explain the recent curious behaviour of Hertzog and Pirow.

In a speech to the Emden sailors, which gave him a world audience if it did nothing else, Pirow expressed his full readiness to give to Germany, say, half the African continent for a start, the rest to be delivered in monthly instalments, it is presumed.

And the reason for Pirow's magnanimous gesture? Simple. The oft-repeated banquet performance—the black peril. Without claiming a thorough knowledge of psycho-analysis one can hazard the guess that Pirow's pleasant dreams savour of blood and iron dictatorship; his unpleasant ones, of black hordes with shield and assegai bearing down on Pretoria and Capetown.

And now Hertzog is warning a certain section of the Press that anti-German propaganda will not be tolerated. The External Affairs Department, of which until recently none scarcely heard, is suddenly buzzing with activity, and he has recently issued a circular to all the leading newspapers in the Union, asking them to refrain from attacking Germany.

Is the charge of "unfair criticism" levelled against the Press justified? We do not know. But a cursory glance at the world's newspapers which the External Affairs Department of the Union presumably receives, should immediately convince Hertzog that the local Press has been comparatively mild in its criticism of the Nazi régime.

When Napoleon marched with his army across the plains of Europe, he was hailed with enthusiasm by that section of the nation which fought against feudalism for democratic rights. The ideals of the French

Republic even spread to the distant Cape.

But the admiration which Hitler is receiving in certain quarters outside Germany is quite unintelligible, since his policy is based purely on the supremacy of race; unless it be that Hertzog and Pirow are both proud of their German descent to the point of subscribing to this philosophy.

By taking up the cudgels on behalf of Nazism, Hertzog and Pirow are consciously or unconsciously aiding this policy of pan-Germanism.

Hertzog no doubt argues that Germany as an important wool-buyer should not be antagonised. Nobody wishes to see the wool-farmers suffer, but if one of the conditions for trade with Germany is to be the muzzling of legitimate criticism, then most South Africans prefer to reply: "Not alone by selling wool do we live."

Hertzog and Pirow are a little ahead of the times. Fortunately, South Africa has not yet reached that stage of economic disintegration through which Germany was passing when Hitler was hailed as the new Messiah. That is perhaps the main reason why they do not attack the democratic system of government quite openly.

Meet Mr. Lyons

By Geoffrey Tebbutt.

JOSEPH ALOYSIUS LYONS, heading the Commonwealth mission to London for the Jubilee celebrations and trade negotiations, is the most characteristically Australian of Australia's post-War Prime Ministers.

This thick-set Tasmanian with his unruly whitening curls has not the furious energy of W. M. Hughes, the bland confidence of S. M. Bruce, nor the nervous intensity of J. H. Scullin. His placid amiability has carried him from the obscurity of Tasmanian politics to the highest post of the Commonwealth without affecting his essential simplicity.

His success has depended on his personality rather than his politics. His gift of ease communicates itself to his associates. He will readily be credited with a capacity for smoothing over difficulties in his own team when it is realised that, as an ex-leader of Labour, he is Prime Minister of a coalition Cabinet of Nationalists and Country Party members.

He has an ex-Prime Minister of belligerent tendencies in his Cabinet; he has an ex-Prime Minister as his High Commissioner in London. Each of these had been in the opposite political camp; each rallied to Mr. Lyons when the crisis of 1931 cut across party allegiances. He made the hardest decision of his career when he forsook Labour and emerged as the leader of re-aligned groups to become Prime Minister.

Mr. Lyons is a plain man who understands and is understood by the masses; he seems to be without bitterness and jealousy, his ambition does not vault.

Mr. Lyons is a family man. His sister-in-law at Canberra is looking after his seven younger children; the eldest of the other four has just commenced his career, like his father, in Tasmania.

He and Mrs. Lyons—who somehow contrives to keep her keen political interests unimpaired by the management of a large family and Prime Minister's Lodge—carry their homeliness abroad. The entourage of the Prime Minister is like a family party. He calls his staff by their Christian names.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, in England for the first time, watch the Thames

The growth of the asbestos industry has been romantic. Its first appearance in the returns was in 1908, when 55 tons were shown, valued at £550. By 1929 this had jumped to 42,634 tons, representing £1,186,627, and the number of asbestos claims staked rose from 8,080 in 1924 to 36,015 in 1929.

In the quarries, such as shown in the picture, it is the custom for the hammer-boys, or native hand-drillers, to have the holes they drill sited by the European in charge. Half the shift is occupied with drilling, the blasting being timed for immediately before the mid-day meal. Then, for the second half the rock is clobbered—



Mining asbestos

sliding mistily past the windows of their magnificent hotel suite. Their guests there receive the same open kindness as the friends who dropped in for tea in their first simple home in Tasmania.

Whatever his party, Mr. Lyons remains a democrat.

Wonders of the Empire.—No. 4

Rhodesia's Asbestos Mines

NATURAL wealth in the shape of asbestos mines has lent additional glamour to that amazing land of mineral resources—Southern Rhodesia. From the time the mines were first open in 1908 until the beginning of last year something like £10,500,000 of asbestos has been produced.

Until 1930 it was thought that the Rhodesian output of asbestos might exceed in value the output of gold. It was, however, the same old story—Russian competition. The quality of Rhodesian asbestos is unsurpassed and infinitely superior to the Russian product, but the Empire industry is struggling along in the doldrums owing to the high transport costs to Europe.

This seems a case where, as far as England is concerned, the Government might give some encouragement and help.

that is, the rock is broken away from the larger asbestos seams and the fibre bagged.

The asbestos is of the chrysotile variety and of excellent quality. It is in great demand owing to its high tensile strength, silkiness, and freedom from iron.

New Zealand Buys British

By "Antipodean."

ONE of the best indications of financial recovery in New Zealand is the progressive increase in her overseas purchases.

Last year the Dominion spent with Britain alone two millions sterling more than in 1933, and for the first month of the present year her imports (from all countries) were over £300,000 higher than in the corresponding period of last year.

These figures, by comparison with those of larger countries, may seem small, but there is this outstanding fact to be considered, that last year in respect to manufactured goods, New Zealand was a better customer of Great Britain than any country of Europe!

Certain European countries may have shown higher figures, but if coal and certain other similar purchases such as clay, waste paper, and rags, etc., are deducted therefrom,

and only manufactures included, New Zealand easily heads the list.

If prosperity returns to the Dominion there is not any doubt that Britain will continue to feel the advantage. New Zealand buys comparatively few manufactured goods elsewhere.

The buying capacity of the people has always been high, and even to-day, with the country still feeling the economic stress, the *per capita* rate of purchase from Britain is the greatest of any country in the world—greater even than that of the Irish Free State. Yet even to-day it is only half what it was before the slump years.

Canadian Affairs : The Radio Commission

By A. C. MacNeish.

Montreal, March 4.

WITH the admission by the Prime Minister, Mr. R. B. Bennett, that the Canadian Radio Commission was becoming increasingly unsuccessful, the stage is believed to be set for still another Canadian public-owned enterprise to be handed over to private interests.

While disavowing complete failure of this costly, two-year-old, Government-controlled body, Mr. Bennett says, "I am not unmindful that a very great body of public opinion has grown up in this country at variance with my opinion. Despite the fact that the Government selected a commission and left to it the working out of the public ownership of radio, the fact is, and a very evident fact, too, that the Government is blamed for its administration, and political capital is made of the manner in which it is administered."

The Radio Commission, based somewhat on the system of the B.B.C., was designed as a public enterprise to take broadcasting from private interests. The theory behind the motives may have been sound, but in practice the management has been most unsatisfactory.

The general public have had neither any great interest in nor even toleration for the programmes set. And the inevitable result was the switching over to United States stations, where more satisfactory programmes could be heard—albeit to the detriment of Canadian trade since these programmes are abruptly broken off to allow for the advertising of American goods or services.

Naturalisation Problem

The naturalisation problem so far as Canada is concerned has given rise to much discussion. Reforms are demanded in the procedure prescribed.

At present, an alien has simply to attend an ordinary small court, and there make his formal application. He is neither questioned as to his intelligence, nor as to his understanding of the step he contemplates. And, supported by two witnesses, probably very recently naturalised themselves, the new applicant changes over within a few minutes from being a Turk or Pole to being a Canadian citizen.

It is urged that a separate court should be established for this purpose, and that the applicant should be questioned on all relevant matters and made to understand the implications of the action he is taking.

That the Canadian war veteran has not been entirely forgotten is shown by the recent appropriations made by the Federal Government. On February 22, £450,000 was voted for dispensation as pensions, £402,000 voted for special relief of veterans, and £4,000 to the Pensions Appeal Court.

LATEST EMPIRE ARRIVALS

Air Mail Passengers.—Mr. Gandar-Dower, Mr. E. V. Oppenheim and Miss A. Oppenheim, from Nairobi; Mrs. Morgan from Jubba; Sir Laurence and Lady Phillips and Miss Phillips, from Salisbury; Mrs. Harrold, and Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Somerville from Entebbe; Mr. J. Mason and Mr. Coulson from Nairobi.

Australia.—Mrs. M. A. Loveband and Miss J. M. Loveband, returning to their Devon home after a visit to Australia; Miss Patience Gay, on a holiday visit to Europe; Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Hodgson and family; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Witts; Rev. S. B. and Mrs. Evans; Mrs. Harry Lee and Miss V. M. Lee, of Wollongong; Mrs. and Mrs. R. F. S. Young; Mr. Frank MacNaghten; Rev. M. Bourke, of Dungog, bound for Ireland; Mr. J. W. E. Lomax, a planter from the Solomon Islands; Mr. Herbert Chapman, retired New Zealand railway manager, with Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. C. Hodgson, Mrs. D. McDonald, Mrs. R. D. Orr, Rev. Gavan Duffy, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hart with the Misses D. M. and A. M. Hart, Mr. Ronald T. Garrett, director of Messrs. Anderson Green, with Mrs. Garrett; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Holiday and family; Rev. T. E. Fox; Mr. G. F. Smythe, a New Zealand insurance manager, with Mrs. Smythe and the Misses D. F. and K. A. Smythe; Miss H. C. Weekes, a scientist; Mrs. James Lowe, Miss H. Lowe and Mr. J. Lowe, from Auckland, New Zealand; Dr. S. Van Pelt, who is to join the Royal Navy as surgeon-lieutenant; Mr. E. G. Francis, secretary of the Melbourne Steamship Company; Mr. G. T. Smith, of the Electrolytic Zinc Company; Mrs. F. M. Matthews; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Shakespeare, from a business visit to Australia; Rev. A. B. Macneil with Mrs. Macneil and family; Mr. A. J. Nathan.

Canada.—Mr. Alexander Stark, barrister, Toronto, Park Lane Hotel; Mr. Gaston Pratte, of Pratte and Côté, insurance agents, Quebec, Grosvenor House; Mr. Chas. Ritz, general manager, Robin Hood Mills, Ltd., and Mrs. Ritz, Cumberland Hotel; Mr. W. T. Walton, of the International Silver Co., of Canada, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, Park Lane Hotel; Mr. J. M. Deserault, vice-president of the Quebec Forest Products Commission, has arrived in England to study the timber market; Mr. A. B. Oxley, of Philco

Products, Ltd., Toronto, and Mrs. Oxley are in London (address: c/o Philco Radio and Television of Great Britain); Mr. S. McClay, who recently resigned from the chairmanship of the Vancouver Harbour Board, has arrived in London, accompanied by Col. A. S. McCulloch, Vancouver.

R. H. Gale, Vancouver, B.C., British Empire Club; John Walcott, Duncan, B.C., 16, Colherne Court, Kensington; J. S. Plaskett, Victoria, B.C., University Observatory, Oxford; Douglas Robertson, Victoria, B.C.; R. B. Bowman, Hudson Hope, B.C.; S. Wignmore street, W.I.; S. S. Frank, Boswell, B.C., 302, West Hill, Putney; R. G. Drost, Vancouver, B.C., 28, Glenshaw Mansions, Brixton road; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Fielman, Victoria, B.C., 16, Thornton avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.

Southern Rhodesia.—Mr. B. L. Hunt, Salisbury; Mrs. J. H. Jeffreys, Umtali; Mr. H. W. Jeffreys, Bulawayo; Mr. J. W. Jeffreys, Umtali; Mr. R. M. Cochrane, Bulawayo; Mr. J. G. West, Sinoia; Mr. N. Landau, Mrs. Landau and Mr. E. H. M. Chetwynd, Eiffel Flats; Mr. J. Reay, Livingstone, Mr. Tattersall, Bulawayo; Mr. T. Y. Craster, Salisbury; Mr. H. C. Harvey, Gatooma; Mr. R. A. Bennett, Bulawayo; Mr. R. A. Cox, Salisbury; Mr. G. M. Kernode, Salisbury; Mr. T. G. Gibson, Salisbury; Mr. E. K. Evans, Umtali; Mr. N. T. Hammond, Plumtree; Miss E. Stacey Jackson, Salisbury; Mr. C. P. Lewis, Salisbury.

West Indies.—Dr. Vernon F. Anderson, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., J.P., Mr. H. R. Barnwell, Hon. W. D. Battershill, Hon. V. L. Bryant, Mr. W. Harrison Courtenay, Hon. Sydney Cuthbert, O.B.E., Mr. E. Edgington, Hon. E. W. Evans, C.M.G., Rev. Thomas Gillieson, Mr. E. A. Grant, Mr. Victor M. Hinchy, Dr. Frank Mahabir, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., D.P.H., J.P., Dr. the Hon. N. J. L. Margatson, Mr. David Morrin, Mr. Rupert C. Otway, O.B.E., Hon. V. A. Pires, Mr. Neil G. Ross, The Very Rev. Dean H. Y. Shepherd, Mr. A. Shields, Mr. H. Y. Smith, Mr. J. W. Stephens, Mr. R. Stanley Wilcoxon, Mr. W. Harold Wright, Mr. J. E. Corbin, The West Indian Club, 4, Whitehall Court, S.W.1., Mr. C. Hope Pantou, J.P., 7, Maxilla Gardens, North Kensington, W.10.

FLATS & HOUSES

FOR Unfurnished Flatlets and single Rooms in Mayfair, enquire 17, Curzon Street.

RIVIERA.—SMALL COMFORTABLY FURNISHED FLAT facing South and over-looking the sea; 2 bedrooms, kitchen, sitting room, bathroom. £9 per month, 3 months £24. Pension if desired. Sea Hotel, Cap Martin, A.M.

PERSONAL

ACCURATE TYPEWRITING.—Stories, 10d., 1,000 words; Carbon, 2d., Poems, 2d., qto. page; Carbon 1d.; Plays, 3d. page; Carbon 1d. Statistical Work, Reports, etc. G. 76, Fentiman Road, S.W.8.

FOR Sale, Fine Old Hcniton Applique Court Train; bargain, £7 10s. Extremely fine choice Old English Needle-run Court Train; bargain, £5. Rare Engravings, set of 24; crests, escutcheons, old nobility (English); price £20.—Write "A. H. S." 27a, Elizabeth Street, S.W.1.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES?—Then buy "Blattia" Union Cockroach Paste; universally and successfully used in all parts of the globe; extermination guaranteed.—From Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores or Sole Makers, HOWARTHS, 473, Crookmore, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

MEMBERSHIP OF THE INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief.—Address, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

MIDDLE-aged Gentleman seeks position as Secretary, Companion, Travelled, plays Bridge and Chess. Box A.6. Saturday Review.

NATURE LOVERS, outdoor folk and students can enjoy healthy, carefree holidays in delightful surroundings, combining comfort with simplicity at moderate charges. Write for booklet, LANGDALE ESTATE, LANGDALE, AMBLESIDE.

RETIRED COLONEL SEEKS responsible lady or gentleman (preferably of sporting tastes) to seriously INVESTIGATE, view to immediate active or passive CO-OPERATION in most lucrative GOING ENTERPRISE; consistent returns, convincing figures. Interview London.—Write Box 500.

The "SATURDAY REVIEW"
REGISTER OF
SELECTED HOTELS
LICENSED

BELFAST.—Kensington Hotel.—Bed., 76; Rec., 5; Pens., 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins. Visitors' fees, 2/6. Botanic Gardens, L.

BLACKPOOL.—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate terms.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE.—Riggs's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles; 8s. 6d. and 2s.; Yachting, fishing, hunting.

BURFORD, OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15s. per day. Golf, Trout fishing, riding, hunting.

CAMBRIDGE.—Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 16s. to 17s. 6d. per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CLOVELLY.—New Inn, High Street.—Bed., 30; Rec. 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, hunting, shooting, sea bathing, boating.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES.—The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from 4s. 10s. Golf, hunting, shooting, boating, putting green, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon).—Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12s. 6d. per day. Golf, 3 miles; Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant. Managed by Proprietor. Phone: 5095.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25s. Golf, 1 mile, 5s. per day. Tennis, bowls.

HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX.—Birch Hotel. Bed., 23; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. to 4½ gns. Golf, hunting, fishing, bathing, billiards.

ILFRACOMBE, DEVON.—Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, putting green, table tennis, tennis.

KIBWORTH.—The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANGOLLEN, Wales.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for comfort, fishing and golf. H. & C.

LONDON.—Gore Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis. Queen's Club near.

PADSTOW, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson." Padstow.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE.—Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from 4s. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel. England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

SALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 899.

SCARBOROUGH, YORKS.—Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., 4s. 12s. 6d. W.E., 21s. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

SHAFESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel.—Pens., 4 to 7 gns. W.E., 42/- to 57/-. Golf, Private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel. Bulla Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1; Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden Golf, Riding.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon.—Beach Hotel. H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey.—Glenridge Hotel.—Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., 4½/15/6. W.E., 11/17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WALTON-ON-NAZE.—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering. comfort and attention.

UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors. Phone 879.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

BRIGG, Lincolnshire.—Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., 43/10/0. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112 Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone 434711.

BRIGHTON, Sussex.—Sixty-six Hotel.—Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel. Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

DAWLISH, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel, ex Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 24 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2; Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns. W.E. 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day; 5/- (Aug., Sept.).

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre Sea Front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Props. Phone 141.

GLASGOW, C.2.—Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall Street, Charing Cross. Bed., 110; Pens., 6 gns. W.E. 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GODALMING.—Farncombe Manor Hotel, Farncombe. Pens., 3 gns. Golf, 3 within 2 miles. Fishing, boating, putting green, tennis.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch—a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. Phone 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone 761, 762.

HOLMBROOK, Cumberland.—Carleton Green Hotel. Pens., 4 gns.; Golf, Seascale 18-hole. Fishing, shooting, sea-bathing, mountain scenery, Tennis.

ILFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel. Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

ILFRACOMBE, Dilkusa.—Grand Hotel. Sea front. Cent. 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

ILFRACOMBE, N. Devon.—The Osborne Private Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed, 90; Pens., 24 to 44 gns. W.E. 13/- per day. Golf, 1 mile, Bowls, miniature golf.

ILFRACOMBE.—Imperial Hotel, Promenade. Bed., 90; Rec., 5; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 25/- to 35/- Golf, bathing, bowls, hard and grass tennis courts.

INVERNESS.—Huntley Lodge Hotel. Mrs. J. Macdonald, proprietress.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2; Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf ¼ mile away. Tennis bowls, croquet.

LEAMINGTON Spa.—Spa Hotel, Holly Walk. Near gardens and pump room. H. & C. in bed. E. I. Gas fires. Billiards.

LONDON.—Arlington House Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road. W.S. Rec., 4; Bed 35; Pens., from 53s. 6d. to 5 gns.

LONDON.—Artillery Mansions Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. Phone: Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2, 8s. 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

LONDON.—Bickenhall Private Hotel. Very comfortable. Cent. Sit. 8 min. Baker Street, 5 min. Oxford Street. Welbeck 3401.

LONDON.—Bonnington Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, bath & Table d'Hôte Bkfst, 8s. 6d. Tels.; Bonnington Hotel London.

LONDON.—Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests. Room, bath & Table d'Hôte Bkfst, 8s. 6d. Tels.: Aquacora, London.

LONDON.—Norfolk Residential Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

LONDON.—Strathallan Hotel, 88, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30; Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Ping pong, billiards.

LONDON.—Old Cedars Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.25. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 25/- G. Golf, within 10 mins. Billiards, Ballroom, Tennis Courts.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., from 24/- Lunch, 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/- Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

PHILLACK, Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviere Hotel. Near sea, golf, H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 60; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12s. 6d. per day.

SOUTH Uist, I.O.M.—Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

HOTELS AND LODGINGS

EASTER HOUSE PARTY AT ROCKLANDS, HASTINGS. April 15th to 29th. Situation unique. Comfort and food excellent. Immediate booking necessary.

MATLOCK.—SMEDLEY'S.—Gt. Britain's Greatest Hydro. For Health, Rest, or Pleasure. 270 Bedrooms, grounds 10 acres. Inclusive terms from 13s. per day. Illus. Prospectus free. Two Resident Physicians.

MIEDERS-IM-STUBAI, Tirol; 3,100 ft. up; 10 miles Innsbruck; beautiful Alpine scenery. Excellent cuisine; English spoken and English library. 7s. 6d.—8s. 6d. p.d. Special arrangements parties. Herr Beck, Hotel Lerchenhof.

MISCELLANEOUS

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS.—Woven from pure Cumberland Wool. Good wearing and weather resisting. Ideal for plus four suits. 10/6 a yard, 35/6 full suit length. Patterns sent without obligation. S. Redmayne & Sons Ltd., No. 24, Wigton, Cumberland.

PURE KENYA EMPIRE COFFEE.—1/- lb., 10 lbs. 10/-; 5 lbs. 5/6 post free. Freshly roasted—Wholeberry or Ground—Tasting sample 3d post free. Cash with order. Rowland Stimson & Co., 25, Tower Hill, London, E.C.3. Estab. 1886.

CONSOLIDATED FREEHOLDS LIMITED

(Registered under the Industrial and
Provident Societies' Acts, 1893-1928.)

Issue at Par of
**£250,000 5% Redeemable
Participating Debenture Stock**
and
**250,000 Ordinary Shares of
£1 each**

THE Society invests its Funds
exclusively in revenue-producing Free-
hold Properties of the category of shops
and flats and small dwelling houses.

THE DEBENTURE STOCK consti-
tutes a floating charge on the whole
of the net assets and undertakings of
the Society and is redeemable at 5, 10 or
15 years from the date of issue at the
holders' option.

IN ADDITION to the fixed interest
of 5 per cent. per annum Debenture
Stockholders participate in the Net
Profits of the Society to the extent of
10 per cent. of the amount available for
distribution.

ALL INTEREST AND DIVIDENDS
ARE PAYABLE QUARTERLY with-
out deduction of Income Tax at source.

DIRECTORS:

Colonel HENRY WALTER BURTON,
O.B.E., M.P., 1, Albemarle Street,
London, W.1. (Chairman). (Director
British Sugar Manufacturers, Ltd., etc.).

Viscount FIELDING, Newham Paddox,
Rugby. (Director British Plaster
Boards, Ltd., etc.).

NORMAN ALDRED COOPER, Esq.,
7, Brunswick Gardens, Kensington,
W.8. (Director Rehousing, Ltd.).

JOHN BOON DENSHAM, Esq., F.S.I.
(Chartered Surveyor), 23a, Saville Row,
London, W.1. (Partner in the firm of
Densham and Lambert, Chartered
Surveyors and Valuers.)

Captain H. S. M. HARRISON-
WALLACE, R.N. (retired), 15, Well-
ington Court, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
(Director Coronet Brick Co., Ltd., etc.).

GENERAL MANAGER:

HARRY EMILE LITTLER, Esq.,
(Chartered Accountant), 2, Austin
Friars, London, E.C.2.

TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE STOCKHOLDERS:

CHARLES JOHN PAIN, Esq., J.P.,
F.C.A., and ERIC LESLIE DONALD,
Esq., F.C.A. (Hubbart Durose and
Pain, Chartered Accountants, Balfour
House, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.2.)

FOR FULL PARTICULARS

WRITE TO:
CHIEF ACCOUNTANT,
CONSOLIDATED FREEHOLDS
LIMITED.

2, Austin Friars, London, E.C.2.
(Telephones: London Wall 5128-9)

Sterling and Gold

(By Our City Editor)

THE parlous position of Belgian
currency brings to the fore
once again the question of
some *de facto* stabilisation of sterling
in terms of the French franc and the
other currencies of the "gold bloc."
European exchanges are at the
moment subject to severe strain by
reason of the under-valuation of the
U.S. dollar and the relative over-
valuation of the French franc, the
Belga, the Reichsmark, the Dutch
guilder and the Swiss franc. We
have seen that it is quite impossible
to expect any move towards stabilisa-
tion to come from Washington,
where the administration is so pushed
and pulled about by domestic forces
as to be incapable of co-operation with
other nations politically or economi-
cally, and this country has so far
adopted a "wait-and-see" policy that
has paid fairly well owing to the fact
that the European nations have not
dared to pursue a sufficiently
vigorous deflationary policy to keep
their currencies in touch with the £.

But, now that Europe is reaching
the end of her tether and there are
fresh threats of devaluation, the time
seems ripe to attempt an exchange
agreement with the "gold bloc,"
leaving the U.S. dollar to continue its
dance to the tune played by the
politicians in Washington.

By such an agreement, the un-
pleasant strife of currency deprecia-
tion would be avoided, and there is
nothing more damaging to trade than
a constant fight against nations
whose rapidly declining currencies
enable them to dump goods abroad in
advance of any tariff legislation which
may be raised against them. The
threat to the British steel, brick and
glass industries given by the possible
devaluation of the Belga has already
had serious effects and has held up
orders and development work.

There seems no reason to allow the
threat to become widespread before
something is done to allay fears
which destroy confidence and increase
unemployment. If our Governmental
tourists, in the course of their wan-
derings over Europe, could spare a
little time to arrive at an agreement
for currency stabilisation and the
abolition of exchange restrictions,
then the nations might become suffi-
ciently busy to turn their attention
from war preparations to industrial
development.

Associated Electrical Profits

Associated Electrical Industries,
which controls B.T.H., Met.-Vickers
and other important interests,
experienced such a considerable
recovery last year that the ordinary
dividend is doubled at 6 per cent. and
profits increased from £397,169 to
£586,882. The ordinary dividend
takes £227,778 and general reserve is
increased to a total of £900,000. The
output of the various works was
increased all round. The company is
repaying over £1,000,000 of 4 per cent.
debenture stock out of its own
resources, so that this year there will
be a considerable saving on interest
charges. The ordinary stock, at
24s. 6d. per £1 unit, returns 4½ per
cent. on the basis of the 1934
dividend.

Vickers' Big Improvement

The report of Vickers, Ltd., fully
illustrates the improvement in the
British heavy trades over the past
year. The profit for 1934 was
£970,352 against £816,362 in the pre-
vious year, and income tax absorbs
£172,916 against £80,481. After pro-
vision for interest on the debentures,
now reduced from 5 per cent. to 4 per
cent., the net profit is £618,261, com-
pared with £543,364 for 1933, although
in that year profits were augmented
by £77,000 on investment sales and by
another non-recurring item in the
shape of an income tax credit. The
ordinary dividend is 6 per cent.,
against 4 per cent. in the previous
year, absorbing £190,890, and the
carry-forward at £228,222 is increased
by some £4,000. The extra dividend
costs £67,735, which is amply covered
by the net profit increase.

Vickers have benefited through the
improvement in Vickers-Armstrong
results, that company having made a
profit of £724,453, against £491,952 in
the previous year, and paid a full
year's dividend on its "A" prefer-
ence shares. The English Steel Cor-
poration also made a substantial
profit, applied to writing off previous
losses, and, since provision had pre-
viously been made in Vickers'
accounts, it is now possible to use
this sum for writing down certain of
the balance-sheet assets. Vickers,
Ltd., has over £6,500,000 in cash and
Government securities, so that it is
in a position to finance any expansion
which its operating companies are

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Total Assets £48,845,000

Total Income exceeds £10,343,000

LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH: 64, Princes Street

likely to experience. Vickers 6s. 8d. ordinary shares at 10s. yield exactly 4 per cent.

Motor Prosperity

Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., a subsidiary of General Motors of New York, has experienced such a recovery in earning capacity since making a trading loss in 1930 that profits last year were £1,371,000, this being an increase of nearly £500,000 on the year. A payment of 75 per cent. on the ordinary capital is now possible, arrears of preference dividend having been extinguished a year ago. Home sales expanded by 37 per cent. and export sales by 68 per cent. The achievement is one of which British-owned companies may be envious, but at least the Vauxhall Company is employing British labour at Luton and doing its work within this country.

Brewery 5 per cent. Yields

The coveted 5 per cent. yield can be obtained in the Brewery list on stocks in the debenture, preference and ordinary list. Of debentures available, Watney Combe Reid 5½ per cent. at 108 yield £5 1s. 9d. per cent., but the stock is redeemable in 1959 and there is a sinking fund of £88,000 per annum with purchases or drawings at par. The return on a small amount of Manchester guaranteed 5½ per cent. stock at 108½ is £5 1s. 5d. per cent., and on a trifling amount of Simson McPherson 4½ per cent. stock, at 88½, £5 7s. 9d. per cent. is obtainable, this stock being redeemable at any time at 110 and the dividend is 1½ times covered.

In the preference list Hancock 6 per cents at 22s. 6d. return £5 6s. 8d. per cent., and the £10 non-cumulative 6 per cent. preferred shares of Shorts, Ltd., yield well over 5½ per cent. City of London 20 per cent. non-cumulative preferred ordinary, previously mentioned in

(Continued on page 416)

COMPANY MEETING

LAW LAND COMPANY

A SOUND AND PROSPEROUS UNDERTAKING

The 52nd annual general meeting of the Law Land Co., Ltd., was held on the 27th March at Brettenham House, London, W.C.

Mr. M. E. F. Crealock (the Chairman), after referring to the loss they had sustained through the death of Sir Courtenay Warner, said that they had again been able to hold their own. For some years past the directors had felt compelled to point out that the full effects of the slump did not touch them quite so early as was the case in other concerns. The company continued to feel the benefit of leases and tenancies which were in force and which had varying periods to run during the difficult times through which they had been passing. Their problem had been and must be for some time the renewal of leases at what they had considered to be standard rents. Their buildings were constantly calling for expenditure necessary for the carrying out of their policy of always keeping them in such a state as would enable them to meet the growing competition from the new blocks of offices and flats which were continually springing up around them.

With regard to Brettenham House, it was undoubtedly most fortunate for them that the newly constituted London County Council should have had the courage and enterprise to deal with the Waterloo Bridge question as they were doing. Carrington House, which contained many new features, was now practically complete and negotiations for lettings were going forward.

With regard to the accounts, the saving under the heading of rates, taxes, etc., was due almost entirely to the reduction in income tax.

(Continued on page 416)

GOVERNMENT GOLD MINING AREAS (MODDERFONTEIN) CONSOLIDATED, Ltd.

(Incorporated in the Union of South Africa).

Issued Capital: £1,400,000 in 5,600,000 Shares of 5s. each

DIRECTORATE :

J. B. JOEL, J.P. (Chairman).
J. H. CROSBY (Deputy Chairman), Sir REGINALD A. BLANKENBERG, K.B.E., Dr. J. G. LAWN,
C.B.E., G. IMROTH, D. CHRISTOPHERSON, C.B.E. and G. J. JOEL, M.C.

Extracted from the Annual Report to 31st December, 1934.

Tons crushed, 2,482,000, yielding 915,850·728 fine ounces of gold.		Per ton, based on tonnage crushed.	
Total Working Revenue	£6,340,741 19 11	£2 11 1	
Total Working Costs	2,209,173 15 5	17 10	
Working Profit	4,131,568 4 6	£1 13 3	
Rents, Interest and Sundry Revenue	30,199 13 7		
Balance at 31st December, 1933, brought forward	282,175 16 6		
		£4,443,943 14 7	
This amount has been dealt with as follows:—			
Government's Share of Profits (Estimated)	2,392,123 11 9		
Taxation—Union and Provincial	9,998 13 6		
Miners' Phthisis Sanatoria, Donations and Depreciation	2,750 2 3		
Contribution in respect of Outstanding Liabilities, Miners' Phthisis Compensation Fund	27,999 0 0		
The Witwatersrand Gold Mines Employees' Provident Fund	14,977 0 0		
Capital Expenditure	13,660 14 4		
Dividends Nos. 34 and 35 of 62½% each	1,780,000 0 0		
		£2,211,509 1 10	
Leaving a Balance carried forward of		£232,434 12 9	

The payable Ore Reserves at the end of the year were estimated at 11,782,000 tons of an average value of 7.3 dwts. over a stopping width of 55 inches. The estimate of ore reserves is based on gold at 130s. per fine oz. and the working costs for 1934.

The full Report and Accounts may be obtained from the London Agents, The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, 10/11, Austin Friars, London, E.C.2.

Brewery 5 per cent. Yields*(Continued from page 415)*

these columns at 72s., can now be bought at 79s. to return £5 1s. 8d. per cent. The dividend was amply covered in the last accounts. The shares of M. B. Fosters, the bottlers, stand at 50s., returning £5 8s. per cent. on the basis of the last dividend. It should not be imagined that the above shares are necessarily the most attractive in the Brewery list, but it is interesting to note yields of over 5 per cent. in these days on any securities out of the wildly speculative lists.

COMPANY MEETING**LONDON & THAMES HAVEN OIL WHARVES****POSITION FURTHER STRENGTHENED**

The 37th ordinary general meeting of the London and Thames Haven Oil Wharves, Ltd., was held on March 21st at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Mr. Thos. C. J. Burgess (Chairman and Joint Managing Director) said that the profit and loss account was £22,000 better than that of the previous year and that the developments during the year under the main capital item had all been written off as another form of depreciation. The Bank had released the Thames Haven Company from a guarantee which they had previously given in respect of loans and overdrafts to the Compagnie Industrielle Maritime. He described this as a fit and proper course and extremely interesting as showing the Bank view of the improvement in the position of the French investment.

He said the year under review had been none the less difficult, but had its redeeming points. The company's plant had been kept up-to-date, the whole of its useful-

ness had been unimpaired, and they had enjoyed the full co-operation of their clients and would no doubt continue to do so.

He looked upon the investment income as an increasing one and, whilst it must not be taken to mean of necessity extra distribution by way of dividend, it would place them in an even stronger position than to-day and enable them to strengthen the company commensurate with its increasing importance.

Commenting upon the first dividend by the French company of 2½ per cent., he referred to the fact that this was exactly the same as the first dividend of the Thames Haven company 37 years ago, and he would not be surprised if, in the future, there were not further imitations by the Compagnie Industrielle Maritime of the old Thames Haven company.

After the chairman had paid a generous tribute to Mr. Bourgeois in France, to Mr. Alfred C. Adams, the Managing Director, and to the whole of the staff and fellow-workers of the company, ably led by the Assistant Manager, Mr. E. A. Hunt, the accounts and report were adopted and a dividend of 5 per cent. with a bonus of 4 per cent., the same as for last year, was sanctioned.

Law Land Company*(Continued from page 415)*

They continued to be a thoroughly sound and prosperous undertaking, and, even if the immediate future might prove such as to make it unwise to continue to divide as much as 9 per cent. on their ordinary shares, they knew that their capital was safe and they could, with complete confidence, rely on receiving a very fair return on their invested capital.

In conclusion, the chairman paid a tribute to the work of the staff.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

VAN RYN DEEP, LIMITED*(Incorporated in the Union of South Africa).*

Issued Capital: £1,196,892 in Shares of £1 each.

DIRECTORATE :

J. H. CROSBY (Chairman)

J. B. JOEL, J.P., Sir REGINALD A. BLANKENBERG, K.B.E., Dr. J. G. LAWN, C.B.E., Sir WILLIAM DALRYMPLE, K.B.E., Sir ABE BAILEY, Bart., C. J. JOEL, M.C., and G. H. BEATTY.

Extracted from the Annual Report to 31st December, 1934.

Tons crushed, 944,000, yielding 220,415·342 fine ounces of gold.		Per ton, based on tonnage crushed.	
Total Working Revenue	£1,526,375 3 5	£1 12 4	
Total Working Costs	910,766 7 2	19 4	
Working Profit	615,608 16 3	13 0	
Rents, Interest and Sundry Revenue	6,151 8 3		
Balance at 31st December, 1933, brought forward	100,780 3 2	£722,540 7 8	
This amount has been dealt with as follows:—			
Taxation—Union and Provincial (Estimated amount due for 1934, less adjustment for 1933, £6,322 6 3)	224,833 7 6		
Royalty on Ore	732 15 4		
Miners' Phthisis Sanatoria, Donations and Depreciation	1,643 3 8		
Contribution in respect of Outstanding Liabilities, Miners' Phthisis Compensation Fund	10,783 0 0		
The Witwatersrand Gold Mines Employees' Provident Fund	6,784 0 0		
Capital Expenditure	7,851 2 6		
Dividends Nos. 42 and 43 of 16½% each	388,989 18 0		
Leaving a Balance carried forward of		£41,617 7 0	
		£80,923 0 8	

The payable Ore Reserves at the end of the year were estimated at 3,324,000 tons of an average value of 4.2 dwts. over a stoping width of 60 inches. The estimate of ore reserve is based on gold at 180s. per fine oz. and the working costs for 1934.

The full Report and Accounts may be obtained from the London Agents, The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, 16/11, Austin Friars, London, E.C.2.